

The Industrial Pioneer

An Illustrated Labor Magazine

February 1926

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The Lumber Industry--
Will Its Workers
Wake?



Colorado Capitalism--
The History of a
Crime.



They Rot Before
They Die.



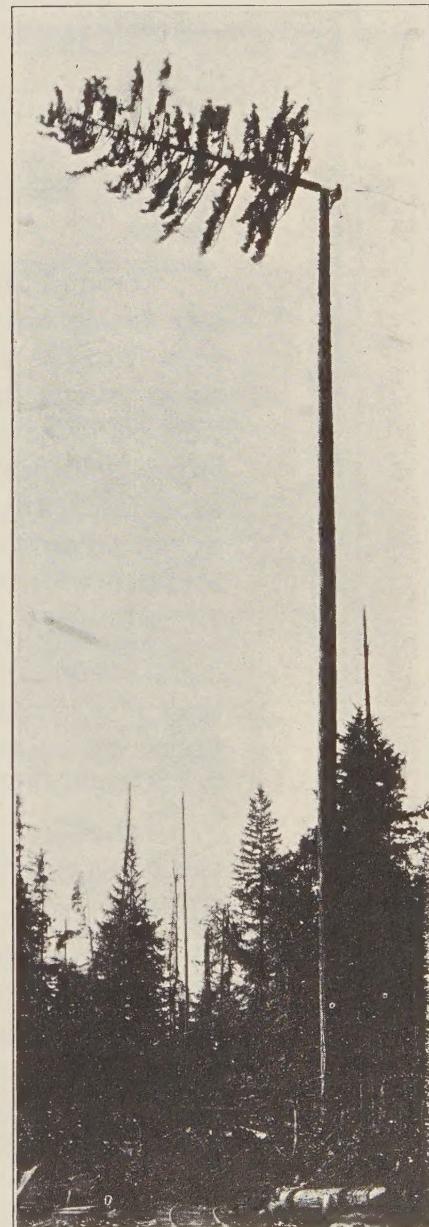
Warning to California



A Wobbly--Why Not?



Humor, Drama, Books



"Thus Nature becomes one of the organs of Man's activity, one that he annexes to his own bodily organs, adding stature to himself in spite of the Bible."—Karl Marx.



Preamble of the Industrial Workers of the World



HE working class and the employing class have nothing in common. There can be no peace so long as hunger and want are found among millions of working people and the few who make up the employing class have all the good things of life.

Between these two classes a struggle must go on until the workers of the world organize as a class, take possession of the earth and the machinery of production and abolish the wage system.

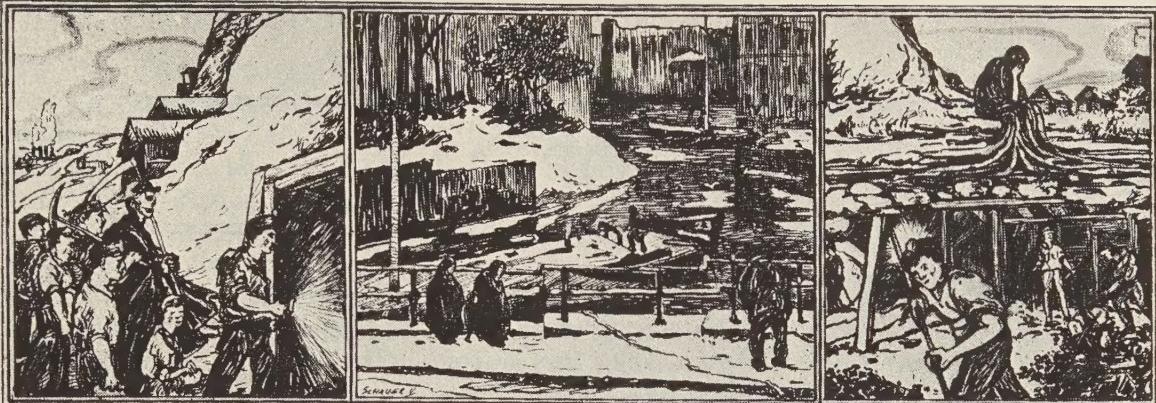
We find that the centering of the management of industries into fewer and fewer hands makes the trade unions unable to cope with the ever growing power of the employing class. The trade unions foster a state of affairs which allows one set of workers to be pitted against another set of workers in the same industry, thereby helping defeat one another in wage wars. Moreover, the trade unions aid the employing class to mislead the workers into the belief that the working class have interests in common with their employers.

The conditions can be changed and the interest of the working class upheld only by an organization formed in such a way that all its members in any one industry, or in all industries if necessary, cease work whenever a strike or lockout is on in any department thereof, thus making an injury to one an injury to all.

Instead of the conservative motto, "A fair day's wage for a fair day's work," we must inscribe on our banner the revolutionary watchword, "Abolition of the wage system."

It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism. The army of production must be organized, not only for the every-day struggle with capitalists, but also to carry on production when capitalism shall have been overthrown. By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the new society within the shell of the old.





The Industrial Pioneer

Edited by Vern Smith

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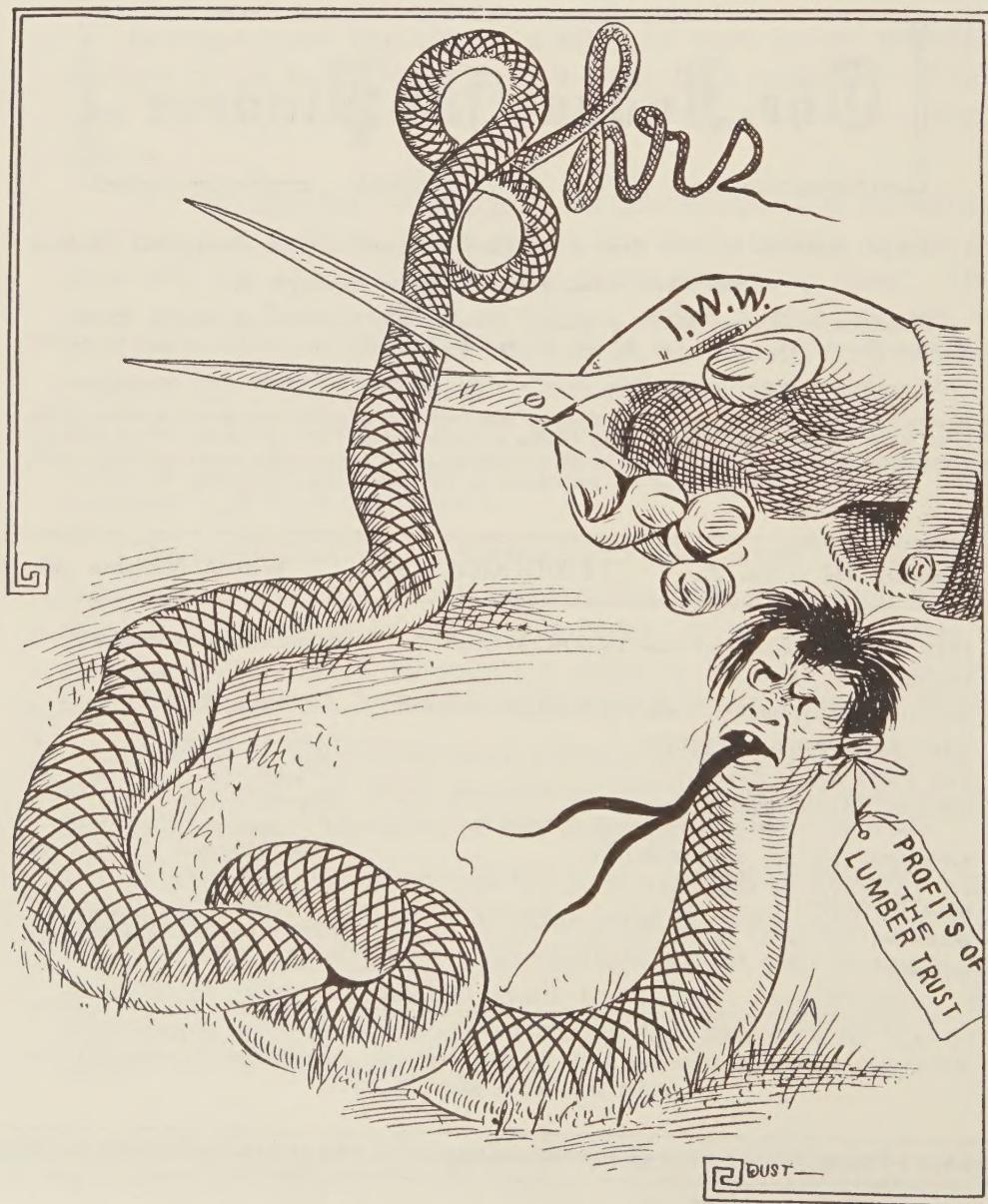
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EDITORIALS

EXCITEMENT IN THE WOODS.—The eight-hour day means eight hours work from camp to camp. Ever so often the job pictured below has to be done over again, and when the time comes, there is always a big fuss started. The logger who, like Scissor Bill, "Always will be satisfied, until he's dead, with coffee and doughnut, and a lousy old bed," had better quit now and go into town. He will feel out of place pretty soon, for real men are weary of conditions as they are.



TRAMP, TRAMP.—Still they blame the Wobblies for being migratory! And just last month the City of Oakland, California, raided the one warm spot in the misty, chilly, Bay Region, outside of a certain abandoned cemetery on the peninsula, where unemployed workers congregate. This was the California Pottery Plant. There some sixty men, unable to get casual jobs enough to keep out of the streets at night, slept around the warm lime kilns, huddled together like sheep around a haystack. Judges W. J. Hennesy and Edwin J. Tyrrell, in a display of that unusual legal perspicacity which has always distinguished California jurists, decided that it was illegal for workers to be without a home, so they should be chased out of Oakland, and put on the tramp. This was done. And the editors of capitalist journals around the Bay region wrote editorials about the evils of tramp life, and blamed these would be workers, these unwanted workers, for being tramps! There is no limit to the stupidity of capitalist police and capitalist editors.

RATTLE, RATTLE.—Stanley S. Ringer, General Electric employee, calling himself a toolmaker, supposed to have been employed at this trade by the G. E. in their West Lynn plant went up to talk to the young master class students of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology the other day.

He described to them what he ingeniously calls the "suggestion system" in force in the G. E. shops, by which a mixed board receives suggestions from the slaves for stunts that will displace labor, or throw sops to the workers, and keep them quiet. The students wanted to know whether the unions objected to this board, and Ringer stated that they did. The students wanted to know whether this sort of activity prevented the unions from growing, and Ringer was pleased to state that it did. The students wanted to know whether there was anything at all for a union to do where such a system prevailed, and Ringer said:

"Yes, in my opinion. A Labor Union can use its organization for social activities. If the employees are met by a decision by the final arbiter, the manager, which dissatisfies them, then the union organization could function in the regular way. It could finance a strike, and use its economic power to get justice. I will say that we have not yet found anything serious enough to question the manager's decision."

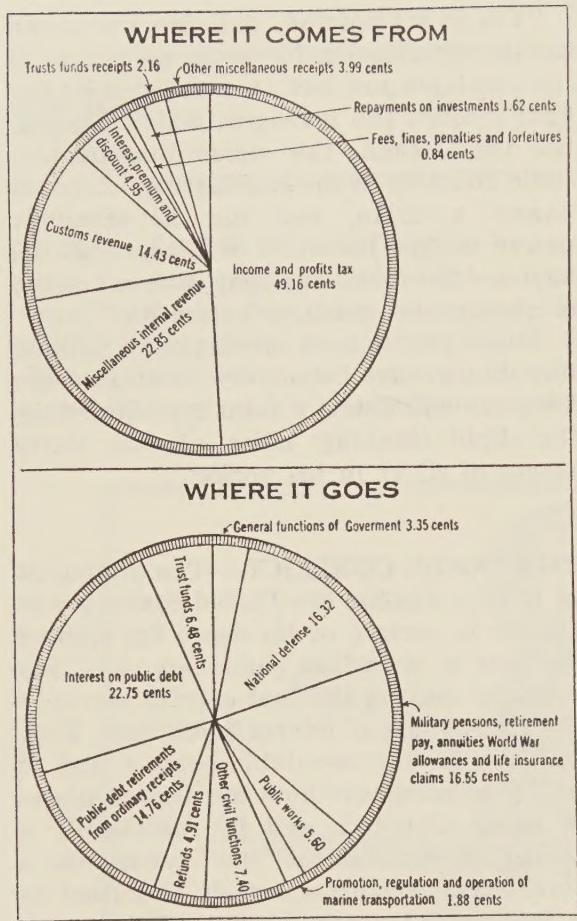
When you hear a workingman talking like this, always listen very carefully—the keen ear will detect a faint metallic rattle, the slight chinking noise of the thirty pieces of silver in his pocket.

THE TRADE CONFLICT.—The alignment of Europe against the United States grows clearer to certain of the more far sighted servants of American capitalism, and they react by making the first careful moves in the chess-game of international war. They prepare for the inevitable conflict first of all by pointing out how the United States is being attacked, and by insinuating a threat of war against "our" assailants, a threatening gesture carefully disguised as a longing for peace, because that is part of the game. The words of Secretary of the Treasury Mellon are like those of the fond parent who gets a sadistic pleasure out of beating up his children, "This hurts me, my son, more than it does you." Mellon says in his last official report on the Treasury Department:

"It is of interest to point out the pro



An Army Is Also Useful For Killing Strikers



SOURCE AND DISTRIBUTION OF U. S. GOVERNMENT INCOME

Of Course The Worker Provides It In The First Place

portion of government expenditures which are due to war. While it is not possible to segregate entirely all expenditures which might fall in this category . . . the expenditures which are directly or indirectly attributable to war and the national defense compose over 80 per cent. of total Federal expenditures. The amounts spent by this Government in aid of agriculture and business, for science, education, better roads, and other constructive efforts are insignificant when compared with outlays due to war and national defense. This will be the inevitable situation as long as war is the method of settling international disputes. These facts should be faced squarely by those who clamor for reduced government expenditures and at the same time oppose

the world's efforts to devise rational methods for dealing with international questions."

Mellon knows, as well as anybody, that there will be no "rational methods" devised, that his auditors, the business and financial magnates of Wall Street, would be the last in the world to give up their plans for world-wide financial hegemony (extension of the Dawes Plan, etc.) and therefore this is simply a statement to the common people who are expected to fight the battles of the next war that they can do so with a clear conscience, for we are not the aggressors; this is a call to the rich for a continuation of their financial expenditures, and their probable increase,—a rallying cry to the bourgeoisie of America—a note of persuasion and an argument for them to make ready.

Hoover is even plainer. He points to the specific issue, the thing for which the armaments are needed. He has complained in a recent speech before the Chamber of Commerce in Erie, Pa., that the debtor nations in Europe are not acting right. They have control of some of the sources of raw material that is needed by the industrial oligarchy in America, and are daring to "hold us up".

One of the financial editors of the Chicago Tribune, reporting on this situation says: "Secretary Hoover appealed to the other nations to abandon these wars upon us and other consuming nations, basing that appeal on the **interest of the world as a whole** (!) (our emphasis, Editor). The Tribune also says: "Is the world on the brink of a great international trade war precipitated by the monopolization of important products through the governmental action of various powers?

"It is known that British government legislation established the system of restricting the output of rubber in the British possessions in the far east as a result of which American consumers in 1926 will pay \$600,000,000 more than what is considered a fair price. The British are boasting that at this rate they will collect from

Americans in a few years enough to discharge the British war debt to the United States.

"It is known that the Brazilian government has enabled the Brazilian coffee planters to double and treble the price of that berry by manipulation of exportation and that similar expedients in Yucatan have boosted the price of sisal from which the farmers' binding twine is made".

And from the same inspired article we learn that Congress is discussing, on the quiet, various forms of reprisal.

Hoover, however, though from the same inspired source (the Tribune's feature article) we learn that he denounces the British and other monopolies as "swindles," does not come directly out with a threat of "reprisals". That sounds too brutal, and the common people must learn to think that

we are long suffering, patient, and most forgiving. He proposes that we accomplish the same thing in another way. We shall just ruin these monopolies; we shall 1) find substitutes for their products, and 2) "stimulate production in countries which are not in the control of these monopolies".

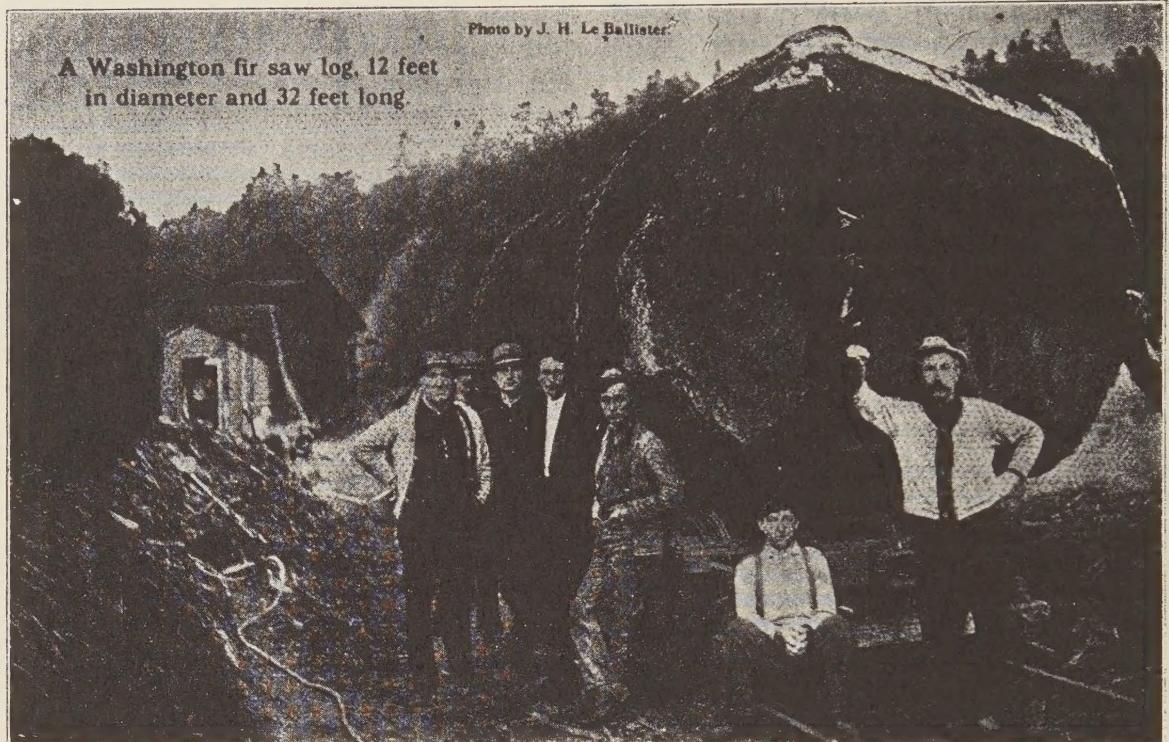
This last means that we shall compete in the race for colonies, since all the products monopolized are tropical goods. We have made a beginning in Liberia, and we are on our way to empire, in Africa, South America, and the sea islands, and Asia. That's all. Of course, there couldn't be any objection to that! Only about a thousand wars have been fought over colonies, and there are only four colonial rebellion going on at the present time, on account of the European colonial policy!



CARTOON FROM LONDON LABOR HERALD

Photo by J. H. Le Ballister.

A Washington fir saw log, 12 feet
in diameter and 32 feet long.



The Lumber Industry

Will Its Workers Waken?

By J. J. DUNNING.

(Secretary-Treasurer of the Lumber Workers' Industrial Union No. 120 of the I. W. W.)

THERE is nothing wrong with the lumber industry of the Pacific Northwest, but there seems to be a lot that is wrong with its workers. The industry is doing very well indeed. It is all right for the Acme Swenson Employment Office in Portland to say that times are hard in the woods, in order to justify its cynical advice to the workers, "LIVE, HORSE, 'TILL THE GRASS COMES". (They actually posted this notice last week on their black-board, which was void of job offers).

But the lumber industry is running along alright. It is not in what could be called a "boom" period, but the constant demand for timber has resulted in a constant and normal activity in the woods.

Figures recently received from the Grays Harbor district show that this typical territory is turning out practically its full quantity of product—as much as it ever cuts. Official (state) figures compiled for 1925 show that Grays Harbor lumber production for 1925 reached the enormous total of 1,400,000,000 feet. This figure exceeds by almost 200,000,000 feet the production of 1923, but falls approximately 100,000,000 below the estimated production of 1924, based on the shipments by rail and water that year. The drop in the annual cut is accounted for by the mill strike during the fall months, which substantially reduced the figures of five of the larger mills.

The Grays Harbor Lumber company, Hoquiam, had the largest individual cut of any mill, the production there totaling 146,000,000 feet. Of this cut, approximately

two-thirds was shipped by water, 54,775,000 feet being consigned to domestic markets and 48,600,000 to foreign ports.

The Eureka mill, cutting hemlock, had the second highest individual figure, 133,000,000 feet, of which practically all was shipped to the East Coast by water. The Grays Harbor Commercial company was

close third, the figures from that mill being 132,414,000 feet, of which about 80 per cent was shipped by water.

The Donovan Lumber company, operating two plants, had the largest cut of any company, the total for both mills being 160,373,000 feet. The Schafer Brothers' Lumber company, with three plants, had a total cut estimated at 150,000,000 feet.

Figures of the lumber cut for 1925 were compiled from a survey of the production of all mills. With the exception of the Anderson & Middleton mill, the Wilson Brothers' mill, the White Star Lumber company mill and several smaller operations in the east and west ends of the country, whose figures were not available, the cut amounted to 1,222,065,000. It is probable that if figures from these mills were added, the total would be more than 1,400,000,000 feet.

The report goes on to say:

"Practically all of the mills in 1925 had a greater output than in 1924, with the exception of those affected by the strike. Had the strike not come during a brisk fall season, the production this year

would have reached a total of 1,600,000,000 feet, it is believed."

The strike, it will be remembered, was an unorganized walkout during the first week in October, last year, which resulted in a raise of fifty cents per day for most of the workers in the Aberdeen saw mills. It was a means of deflecting a part of the enormous profit of the lumber barons into the pockets of the slaves who make those profits possible, and it was good as far as it went. The figures show that it made only an insignificant dent in those profits, and that there is plenty more where that four bits raise came from—the workers have only to reach out and take it. They have only to organize and strike. Unorganized, they have probably won all they can get.

These figures refer only to sawmill production, but as the mill is at the end of the process, and the master class has so far never, during strikes or otherwise, found any way to make the mills function without the activity of the workers in the logging camps, it seems reasonable to suppose that the loggers are fairly busy during this period also, and that their masters are being made fairly prosperous.

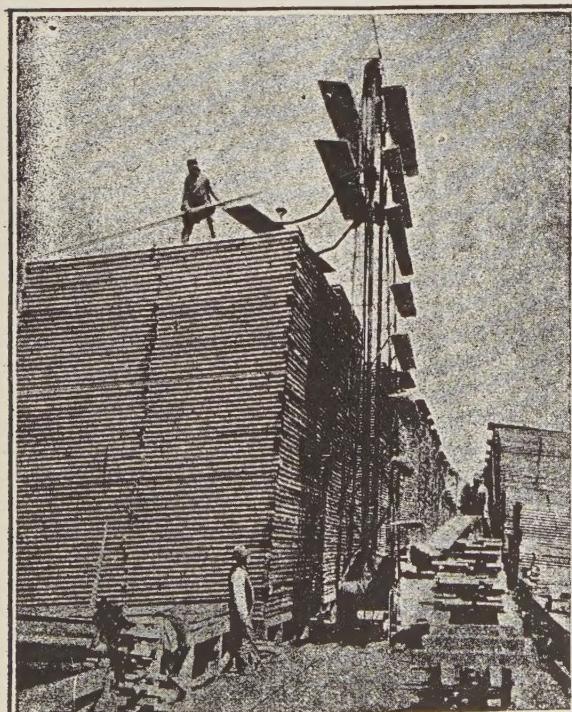
And the workers in these logging camps? What are their conditions, their wages, and hours?

Well, they are getting their \$3.50 low, on the average, with a dollar or a dollar and a quarter deducted for board. The board is steadily getting worse, just as the bosses are steadily getting richer—wonder if there isn't some little connection here? And the camps, here and there, are sneaking back to the old nine hour day, top bunks, charging for bedding, bad conditions, etc.

Perhaps to explain this we had better have a little glance at history. In the old days, all over the Northwest, there were fairly standardized, bad conditions. Wages ran about \$3 low, the hours were ten in Seattle, and eleven in Grays Harbor country, pack your own bed from camp to camp, sleep two high, wash up, if at all, in a John D. oil can.

Then we had the big strike of 1917, and a miraculous change took place. During 1919 and 1920, on to 1921, wages were double what they had been, wash-houses were provided, the double deck bunks were abolished, bedding and laundry service was supplied by the employer, and the eight hour day became universal. A strong, well organized, militant unionism pervaded the whole district. The boss still made money, but he had to suffer the pangs of a tortured acquisitiveness at the sight of the good food and the nice wages being wasted on a lot of lowly unpatriotic, radical industrial unionists, all belonging to Lumber Workers' Industrial Union No. 120 of the I. W. W.

The problem before the boss was: how to wreck this union, how to break down solidarity, how to get the workers to go it alone, as individuals, each man competing against his fellow, as in the good old low wage days. He knew low wages would return if he could.



THE FINISHED PRODUCT

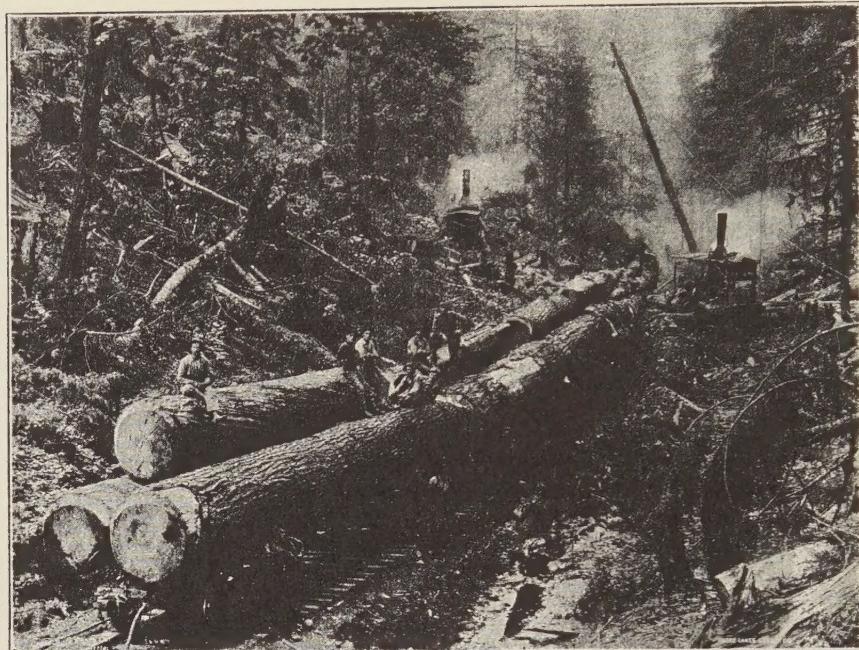
Sawed Lumber Being Piled By Machinery

The boss tried a bitter, slashing persecution—both legal and illegal. It did some good, it scared some of the faint hearted out of the union.

Then he tried a cunning scheme. The forest east of Spokane, through Washington and up into the states of Montana and Idaho is called the "short log" country. Trees are smaller there, they do not require so much effort to handle, not so much nor as large machinery. It is frequently possible for teams to take the place of yarders. Acting under the excuse that some of the timber had been burned over, and partly destroyed, and also using various other pretexts, the lumber lords began to encourage the policy of piece work ("bushel work," "cutting by the inch," "cutting by the mile"). They also encouraged the practise of subcontracting ("gypoing") by men of little means, former lumberjacks, who sometimes themselves hired other labor, by the foot or the day, to work on their contracted plots. The amounts to be made were greater for a good hard day's work than the lumberjack could possibly make at regular day work. That was the trap. And right here the workers made their grand and fatal mistake. They fell into the trap. Instead of taking this higher piece work wage as proof that the boss could afford to pay more than he was paying for day work, and immediately striking and putting up the wages so far that only a fool would work by the piece, one after another they went "gypo".

At first a healthy sentiment existed against "gypoing". It went so far that at one time, during 1920, and 1921, it was proposed to expel from the I. W. W. any person who worked by the piece or contracted. But the sound feeling of the more class conscious workers could not stop the insidious practise, and more and more men left the union of their class, and followed after the gods of the petty bourgeois—each hoping to chop his way through the "gypoed" forests to a home, or a little busines of his own, or a farm, or whatever it is he hankered after.

There was also division within Lumber Workers Industrial Union No. 120 of the I. W. W. The piece workers did not all leave the organization, and they, and their friends, and a number of sincere unionists who thought the right way to work was to throw down the bars and agitate against "gypo-



IN THE LONG LOG COUNTRY

Logs Lying on Cars on a Logging Railroad. Loading Donkey In Background. Hard Timber For the "Gypo" to Handle

ing" but organize the "gypoed," turned the tide, in 1923, and since then, a piece worker has been as good a union man as any other.

The bad results of this were partly to blame for the slump in union membership during those years, but that condition in the union has now worked itself out, perhaps, because of the very apparent bad results on the job of the piece work system itself. The solidarity of the workers being smashed in this way, there resulted a falling of the piece rates, and a tightening up all around on the poor "gypo". Piece work always lowers the wage, anywhere. At present the piece work system in Eastern Washington is not so much thought of by the individual worker, for even an expert man hardly makes more than his regular \$3.50 or a little more—about what he could make at day work—and about what he could have made in 1916, before the strike!

The union is smashed in Eastern Washington, in the short log country generally, what is the use to deny that—but it is evident that there is here a good ground now, to actually organize the lowly paid, hard working loggers—they are all discontented, wage workers and piece workers alike.

The union was weakened by the piece work business; and by the persecution, and by the very better conditions themselves in some places, workers feeling that they had made improvement enough.

But the piece work system never got going good in the "long straw" country of the West Coast,

(Continued on Page 20)

They Rot Before They Die

By CARD No. 794514

WITHIN historical times two world orders, two great systems of society, two great social organisms, if you will, have perished. The third is perishing, and if this fact is remembered, much of the phenomena of modern social life, otherwise so puzzling, becomes understandable.

A week or so ago, a rather prominent preacher, the Rev. Dr. C. Copeland Smith, addressed the congregation of the Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, Chicago, and unburdened himself of a few fairly accurate observations. He pointed out that society has retrogressed to such an alarming extent within the last ten years that it is fast approaching decay and race suicide.

Within that time, Dr. Smith said, dances have become but semblances of the most riotous of savage orgies, while the music appropriate to their accompaniment is as much "the syncopated hiccup of an inebriated cannibal" as anything else; legitimate art has given place to the wildest ravings of "crazy geometricians" who, instead of confining "their ravings to the padded room flaunt them before the eyes of a distracted public."

"If you believe there is no cause for trepidation and alarm cast your mind back to 1916 and see the rapid progress we have made along the path of race suicide and decay.

Even then our dances still preserved some semblance of decency. Our music still contained some remnants of harmony and dignity. Our art was even then intelligible to the ordinary mind, as all true art should be.

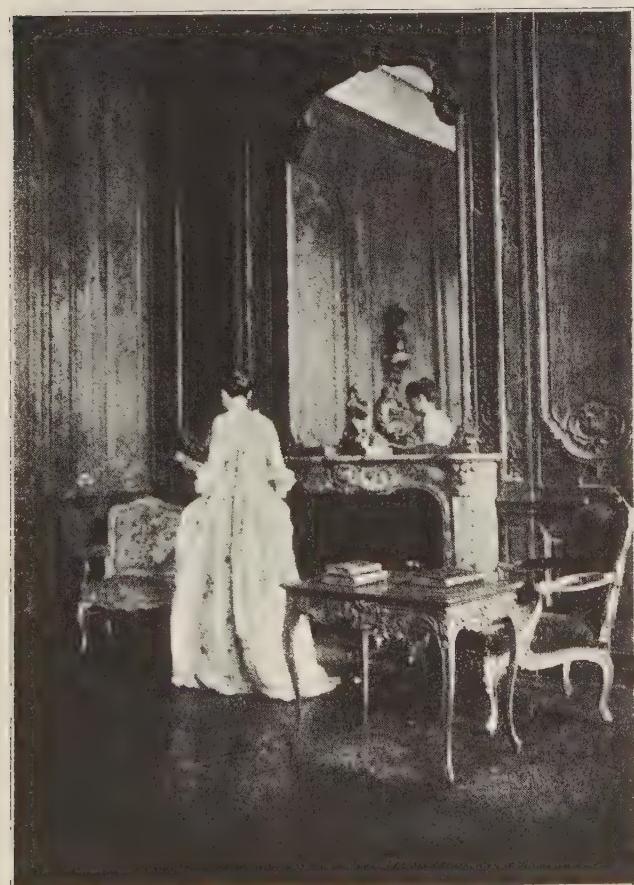
"But in ten short years we have so far retrogressed that, in addition to dances and music, the legitimate drama is rapidly approaching the moment of its decline and only holds what remaining popularity it possesses by an increasing sex appeal and an increasingly maudlin method of dealing with the problems of our times.

"The silent drama ever goes to further lengths in portraying before breathless thousands facial expressions that rightly belong to the last and secret stages of sexual bestiality. The legitimate actor is fighting for his existence in an age that refuses to think after the great dramatists of history.

"As to legitimate art, Beethoven is as dead as Queen Anne, and even Wagner is fast losing his public. These are things that all men may see and also the fact that the appalling decadence of our day has all been brought about within one decade.

"In the world of morals there is naturally an accompanying decline. Cardinal Mundelein, in his New Year letter, says that we have exaggerated our own wickedness.

"I wonder if the cardinal has ever sat—as I did recently for one whole morning—in our Morals court. In just one morning, from just one district of our city, the weary judge dealt with sixty-four defendants, all accused with crimes against elementary public decency. The



LOUIS XV FURNITURE

Now a Symbol of Decadence—If You Think This Is Curious, Read Further

corridors to the Court of Domestic Relations were impassable, or nearly so.

"That is to say that practically all the divorces are from among the younger section of the married portion of the community."*

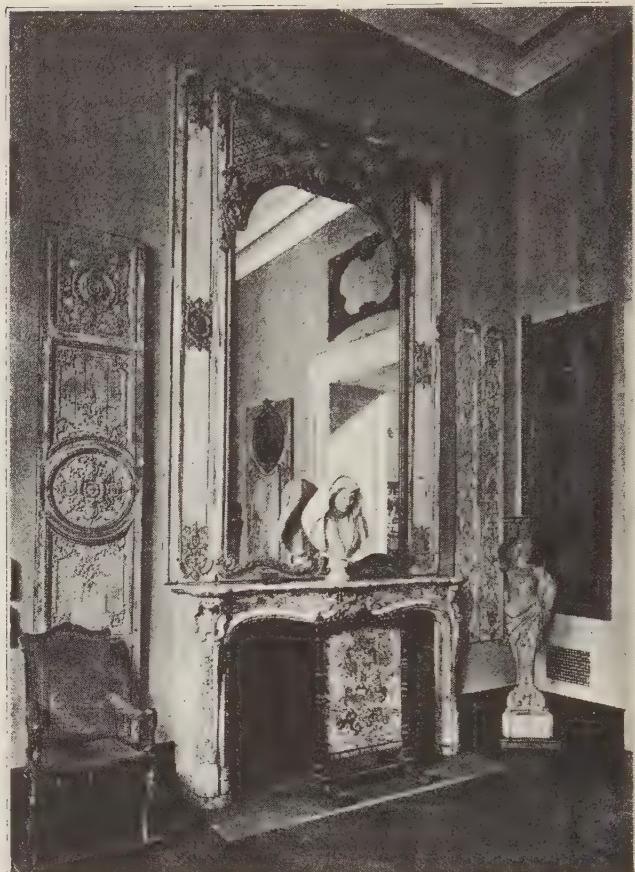
This is merely the most recent expression by the spokesmen of the social conservatives, of a general theme, which has been growing stronger and stronger in their utterances, for a considerable time. Even in the declining days of last century, certain far sighted bourgeois publicists, Max Nordau, for instance, began to sound the danger note, and to point to the decay of manners, morals, principles, and tastes. Nordau's big book, *Degeneration*, contains an abundance of proof of a neurotic, decadent, unhealthy tendency in social affairs, and in art and literature (those two valuable indications of the mentality of a society) most of all. Nordau himself, by the way, soon gave up the unequal struggle against such an evolution, or perhaps better called "devolution," and retired from the world, so to speak—devoted all his energies to the romantic ideal of Zionism. And that alone, as we shall see, is one indication of the fatal disease of a great world order.

When a ruling class is rising, is revolutionary, is gaining in strength—when the individuals that compose that class find opportunity for progress and advancement—the avenues of expression controlled by that class, the artists and the literateurs, the architects and the moralists, are triumphant, vigorous, vivid, courageous, and optimistic.

If the fight is easy, and the conquest certain—there is great license, of a healthy, happy sort. The victory of the bourgeoisie in the Italian City states gave rise to the Renaissance of art and letters, expressed itself in the jocund vulgarity of the Decameron, showed itself in the fearless grasping after new things by explorers and in the recklessness of the condottieri.

If the fight is hard; if the rising class cannot spare any strength for dissipation, Cromwell crowds out Boccaccio; we have puritanism, but a vigorous, crusading, militant puritanism, giving way, as soon as security comes, to a restoration of enjoyment and luxury.

But these two forms of class expression are the attributes of the winning class. In old, dying social systems there are times when the old, dying class holds the means of expression in its own hands, and sets the tune. The individuals in this class are filled with vague forebodings, and have a sense of their own incompetency. They know that all is not right with their world, even though they may not be wise enough to point it out directly. They usually have a number of idealistic clashes—and



MIXED LOUIS XV AND LOUIS XVI FURNITURE
In Their Longing For Old Things, the Bourgeois Hardly Pretend to Understand Them

what some psychologists call suppressed desires. They have usually a culture that tends to over-refinement; many of them are out of touch with reality; many others are being steadily denied opportunities that their fathers had to make money or to control affairs, and on the other hand Mendel's law has put many a non-entity, many a weakling, in the position of power, of control of vast fortune, or high political position, which he is unable to properly fill, and which he fain would abandon. Many are weak from their father's dissipations. Many know too much for their father's simple, predatory faith to help them.

In this uncomfortable position, the individuals of the ruling class react in two different ways. One group says, "Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we die," as the epicures of the ancient world said, or it says, as the gentlemen of King Louis' court said, "After us, the Deluge." The other group becomes even more strictly moral, shrinks from the world, commits suicide, or if without that much courage, retires into monasteries, or into the dream world (Spiritualism, Theosophy, Christian Science, etc.).

Anybody who wishes a good description of the

*NOTE.—Smith's sermon, as reported in Chicago Daily News, Jan. 4, 1926.

debauchery with which the rulers of ancient Rome, the rulers of the slave society, solaced themselves will find it in the pages of Tacitus, Suetonius, Livy, Dio, and other contemporaries. It involved extravagant waste, depraved appetites, a constant search for new means of intoxication (drinks, drugs, etc.) and a weariness of ordinary sexual overindulgence, and a substitution for it of various perversions, and especially of cruelty, sadism, and masochism.*

As for the period of the death of feudal society, it was at this time that the progress of the tendencies of sadism and masochism became so well recognized as to break into literature and soon afterwards they received their present names; after popular authors; it was at this time that the formal organization for the deflowering of young virgins was founded, with a whole ritual and set of regulations; it was at this time that the king's mistresses openly



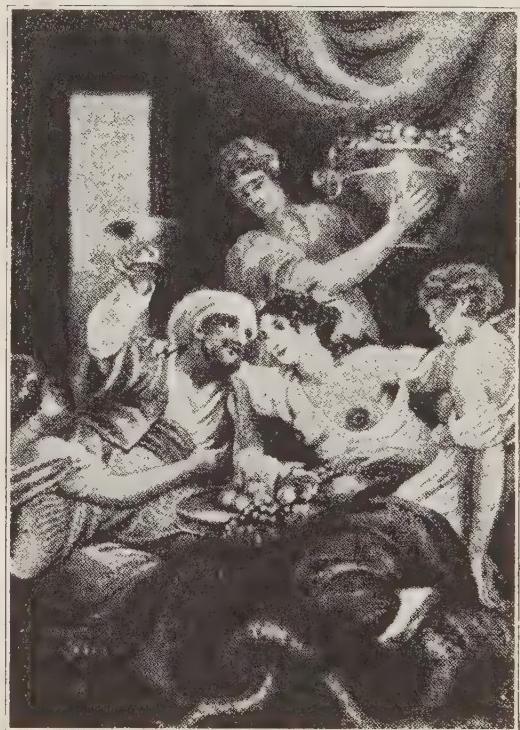
"THE LAST TOKEN"

From A Famous Painting, Showing A Girl Of The Lower Classes About To Be Eaten By Wild Animals To Make A Roman Holiday

ruled France; it was at this time that the Black Mass gained many adherents; it was at this time that opium and hashish began to be common in upper class Europe.

*NOTE.—It is the custom of modern historians to express doubt of the accuracy of the history of the Roman biographers. It is possible that these worthies maligned the character of Nero and others of his sort, in individual cases, but it is improbable that they could have invented out of whole cloth all of the abominations they describe. These practices were undoubtedly familiar to many of their period, whether they were properly ascribed to exactly the persons who had incurred the ancient chroniclers' malice, or not.

The debaucheries of these two periods accord well in nature and style with the corruption of the present time; with its murder for fun, committed by university students (Loeb and Leopold case) with its rape accompanied by sadistic violence (the killing of a young girl by the Grand Dragon of the



"THE ORGY"

Is It A Feast In Babylon, Or A Fancy Dress Ball In Chicago?

Ku Klux Klan, realm of Michigan). If the ancients had their gladiatorial combats, we burn negroes at the stake, often with superfine variations, as in a notorious recent case in Arkansas, where the victim was not allowed to die quickly from inhaling flames, but was laid out horizontally, and had his legs burned off scientifically, a few inches at a time, with gasoline and kerosene. There are also the fearful excesses of the White Terror in many countries. True, most of the victims of the modern degenerate are those who may be considered in some way, or suspected to be, rebels against existing society. But in healthier times such rebels would be hanged or shot, not tortured to death. There is an element of vicious cruelty, creeping into the class war, such as you find only at those preceding stages where the ruling class was decadent. Even the gladiator was usually a rebellious slave, a captive in war, or a debtor.

These perversions are world wide, like the accompanying dissipation and the generally hectic life of the bourgeoisie wherever capitalism has penetrated. The insane cruelty, and the raping of native women by imperialists in all of the colonies, the blowing of whole cities to bits, the inhuman tor-

tures inflicted on dark skinned workers, the glorifying of machine gun work on dense crowds of unarmed Chinese, which capitalism in general gives evidence of in Asia, Africa, and the Indian islands, is part of it. The succession of scandals, tripping on each other's heels, detailing the buying of military titles in the British Empire through the sale of pretty wives by their husbands, is only an exposure of a practice that has been going on for some time. Just now the war-time head of Scotland Yard has been fined \$25 for what the newspapers, refusing details, "call a revolting offense against public decency." This great man, Sir Basil Thompson, the idol of his class, so far lost his sense of responsibility that an ordinary park policeman was able to catch him in the very act, and to get a statement from his girl victim.

Continental Europe recognizes that high social circles are hotbeds of nameless vices, and shrugs its shoulders; such things are described only by the novelists and the psycho-pathologists. The last Kaiser of Germany did clean out several officers' clubs and "break" a few highly placed perverts, but that did little good.

When the factory system is imported into a country which did not know it before; it comes over entire, bringing all its most advanced "superstructure" with it, of capitalist society, labor unions, and psychological reflexes. Just as they import the most modern forms of trustified production into Japan, right along with them they import the idea of the petting party and the flapper, as the Tokyo *Jiji* has observed.

On the other hand, the other sort of rotting ruler, the ascetic or the suicide, the kind that flees in one way or another from a world grown distasteful and disgusting to him, is about the same in each of the great historical catastrophes. Many of the Roman sages committed suicide. Practically all of them advocated it, and urged their friends to open their veins in a bath of hot water. Says one of the noblest of them all, Seneca, in a letter to his noble friend Lucilius:

"What is there that can tempt you away from death? You have tasted all the enjoyments that might make you hesitate; none of them are strange to you; you have had your fill of all. You know the taste of wine and honey; is it not a matter of indifference to you whether one hundred or one thousand bottles of them pass down your throat? Also, you have tasted oysters and crabs, Thanks to your splendid living, nothing remains untasted for you in the years that are to come. And can you not separate yourself from these things? What is it you may still have to regret? Friends? Home? Do you really value them so highly that you would sacrifice yourself for them to the extent of postponing your supper-hour? Oh, had it been in your power, you would have extinguished the sun itself, for you have accomplished nothing worthy of the light. Confess it: you are hesitating to die, not because you will be sorry to leave the Curia, the



THE JAPANESE FLAPPER
A Cartoon From The Tokio *Jiji*, Showing Old Japan's Opinion Of Her

Forum, or the beauties of nature. You are merely sorry to leave the flesh-market and yet you have already tasted all its supplies."

Contrast this with any of the suicide notes left so frequently nowadays on the park benches, on the piers that jut out into the lake, and especially in hotel rooms where men and women shoot themselves. They are all the same. A single note of woe pervades them all. "We are incompetent; we are not happy; we don't think life is worth the struggle;" and watch, over and over again you catch that significant phrase, "the body of a well-dressed young man (or woman)" in the newspaper announcements.

The capitalist scribe takes it for granted that the harrassed, diseased, hopeless poor will kill themselves, everybody knows they have nothing to live for, but he takes note, with a slight surprise, of the fact that an increasing number of men and women of the middle and upper classes are finding the world too dirty a place for their unstable nervous systems. In the declining period of feudalism, of course, the superstitious Roman Catholicism of the times, with its prescription of hell-fire for the self-murdered, prevented such crimes, to some extent. In those days they went into monasteries. There was little difference in their fate, and none at all in their motives.

On first thought, if one recollects the incessant, jangling, boisterous emphasis on optimism displayed by the capitalist press, the plethora of cartoons

showing "Father Knickerbocker" or "Father Dearborn" or "Uncle Sam" or the "Joys" kicking the "Calamity Howler" down stairs; and if one takes into consideration the yapping enthusiasm of the "boosters" at Kiwanis, Rotary, and fraternal order functions, and the wild applause for prosperity at business men's stag dinners, he might think our modern rulers felt themselves secure. But a second thought should convince him that where there is so much denial, there must be something to deny. The real situation is that every business man has a little blue devil riding him, and he tries to exorcise the imp with printers' ink and the potent strains of "Howdy Sal."

We have plenty of defeated individuals of the perishing middle and upper classes in America and Europe who flee to magic and occultism for some stimulant that will give them a little more hope in a really hopeless situation. The bookshops are full of astrological and Rosicrucian literature; there are thousands of Christian Science churches, surrounded every Wednesday night and Sunday by swarms of automobiles; "New Thought" has many adherents, and the Theosophists are about to consummate their long planned scheme of foisting Christ upon us again, not this time in the shape of Nazarene Blondie, the Holy Kid, the boomer carpenter, for such a person would not be welcomed nowadays by the slaves; this time he appears as a hyper-cultured aristocratic Hindu of the highest caste. He will have his following—among the upper castes of America and Europe.

The cramped and disgusted remnants of the perishing middle class, especially, become freakish, and with a tremendous amount of heat and energy espouse various fads; the "sunshine worshipers," the "cult of the naked," psycho-analysis, perhaps even "Free-Masonry" and the K. K. K. Some of these movements might have something of value in them, but their devotees hail them as panaceas, for a while and then lose interest in them.

Naturally, not all learning, not all mental ability, not all power of resistance is equally weak in a decaying ruling class. Those individuals with the keenest insight recognize the collapse of their world and all that they hold dear, and sometimes describe it with great power and vividness, hoping to find, guessing at, various explanations, and searching vainly for a cure. The Rev. Smith thinks that if the preachers would stick closer to the Bible, "we" (his fellow exploiters) could be reborn, forget our jazz and petting parties, take an interest in culture again, and lay off of the moonshine. In Europe, where the deterioration has gone further, and where there is more real brains among the learned anyway, because of an older culture, they have the same illusions or stranger ones. The gloomy bishop, Dean Inge of London, freely predicts the ultimate destruction of the entire social order. That most moody and pessimistic of would-be humorists, G. K. Chesterton, flays modern morals, prohibition, as well, and advocates a flight back to the land, a return



G. K. CHESTERTON'S UTOPIA

to a simpler form of social system, less manufacturing, the reassertion of the rights of man as head of an indissoluble family, the end of divorce, state religion, etc. "Back to the Seventeenth Century!" is his prescription. Hilaire Belloc, the English Catholic, and various guild-socialists, too, would like to return to an even older social order, the thirteenth century would about suit them.

Bergson, the French philosopher, abandons thought, and teaches a new mysticism, the value of the intuitions. The German philosopher Ernst calls on all the tired Westerners to look to stagnant China for hope and an example. Says he: "We must attain clarity on the point that the foundations for the sufferings of men do not lie in institutions but in the attitude creating institutions. . . . The Chinese loves and honors agricultural work, and has always succeeded in obtaining the little parcel of land that he needs, and can produce on it what is required for his simple tastes. . . . We want no reforms or revolutions, but an introspective return to true morality."^{*}

Another German philosopher and scientist, Oswald Spengler, predicts that the civilization of the White Race will soon be impotent, on account of its internal weakness, to resist the "Yellow Peril," and will perish as did that of Rome, in the onslaught of the barbarian. Spengler thinks he has found the key of human history in the notion that society, like an organism, has a period of growth, decay, and death. Each great world order, Greece, Rome, and

^{*}NOTE.—THE COLLAPSE OF GERMAN IDEALISM, by Paul Ernst, 1918.

so on, was started, accomplished certain things, lost its vigor, and entered into decline. The world order of western Europe and America has now passed its prime, Fate (Spengler believes in a kind of divine spirit which ordains the life history of races) has plunged civilization into the time of weakness and imbecility; society as we know it is collapsing, and we have only to sadly chronicle its death struggles; nothing can be done to stop them. All of which is quite pessimistic, and reflects the spirit of the ruling class of Europe, which is harder hit than that of America.*

A greater philosopher than either of these, Bertrand Russell, has recently been given to many such sad reflections. In his book, *Icarus*, he prophesies that civilization will soon be overthrown by the inherent contradiction in psychology, which is that man has progressed in ability faster than he has progressed morally, that he cannot properly use the terrific powers his inventive genius has released on the world, and that he will poison gas, drug, and bomb himself out of existence, even as he wrecks his health with food substitutes, and his social organization with propaganda. And Russell, too, hankers after the calm, peaceful, practically unconscious life of the Chinese peasant. In Seneca's time he would hang himself, in the middle ages he would become a monk, and today he is a college professor.

So far I have contented myself with pointing out that what the Rev. Smith is so worried about, and the philosophers are so sad about, is nothing new in world history. It is a phenomenon exactly like in its significance those spectacular scenes that accompanied the death rattle of the feudal nobility rotting at the monarch's court, and the ebbing life blood of the master class of Greece and Rome.

That seems nothing for us to fret over, but it occasionally occurs to some of us that there is perhaps a danger, after all. The decaying feudal order scarcely infected the hardy common people of its time with any of its contagious anaemia. The population of France, just before the Great Revolution, might be hungry, but it was neither weakened by dissipation, nor was it corrupted by world-weariness rationalized into a philosophical system or a religion. To be sure, the *Proles* of Rome, in Spartacus's time, were like the slum proletariat of more modern cities; they were sufficiently spoiled, lived a parasitic life, were fed by the state, were as eager for the circus as for bread, and asked for wine with the bread. But they were only a small section of the general population, and Spartacus got his followers somewhere else. Suppose the whole population had been corrupt? As indeed the Roman slaves became corrupt, in another way, later?

Now today the movies, the bootlegger, necking parties, and jazz are almost as prevalent among the working masses as among the rich. Nothing differs but the quality. The Gold Coast drunkard pays per-

haps twenty dollars a pint for imported Scotch (which may be faked), and the West Madison street day laborer pays perhaps two dollars a pint for what hardly pretends to be anything else than re-distilled denatured alcohol flavored with juniper juice. The proletarian may not have an automobile in which to take out his jazz-baby, but he finds a chance, anyhow, though perhaps not quite as comfortable nor quite as safe a chance. The movies he attends are not as costly as those indulged in by the bourgeoisie, but they are hardly to be called better. Etc.

It may be that there is a real danger here to the revolution and to civilization; possibly those pessimistic bourgeois philosophers are right, when they disregard the class struggle as insignificant compared with the general, universal decadence and corruption, impotence and sterility.

Certainly one can find instances in past history where classes which should have been revolutionary lost their morale, and did not fight. The Roman slaves, who came within a hair's breadth of overthrowing ancient society during the times of Spartacus and Eunius, a very short time later fled from the practical struggle into the mysticism of early Christianity, and there was no large scale revolution for fourteen hundred years, and even then, not a slave revolution.

Likewise, considerable numbers of the terribly persecuted peasantry and petty bourgeoisie of Russia, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, went in for burning themselves alive en masse, and other indulged in orgiastic religions.*

The modern working class is not particularly pessimistic in its outlook, but for the first time in history it is possible perhaps for large sections of the working class to accomplish through dissipation that helplessness which other slaves have attained through ceasing to struggle in the world, ceasing to care what happened to them, physically, and instead turning their attention either to death, or after-death.

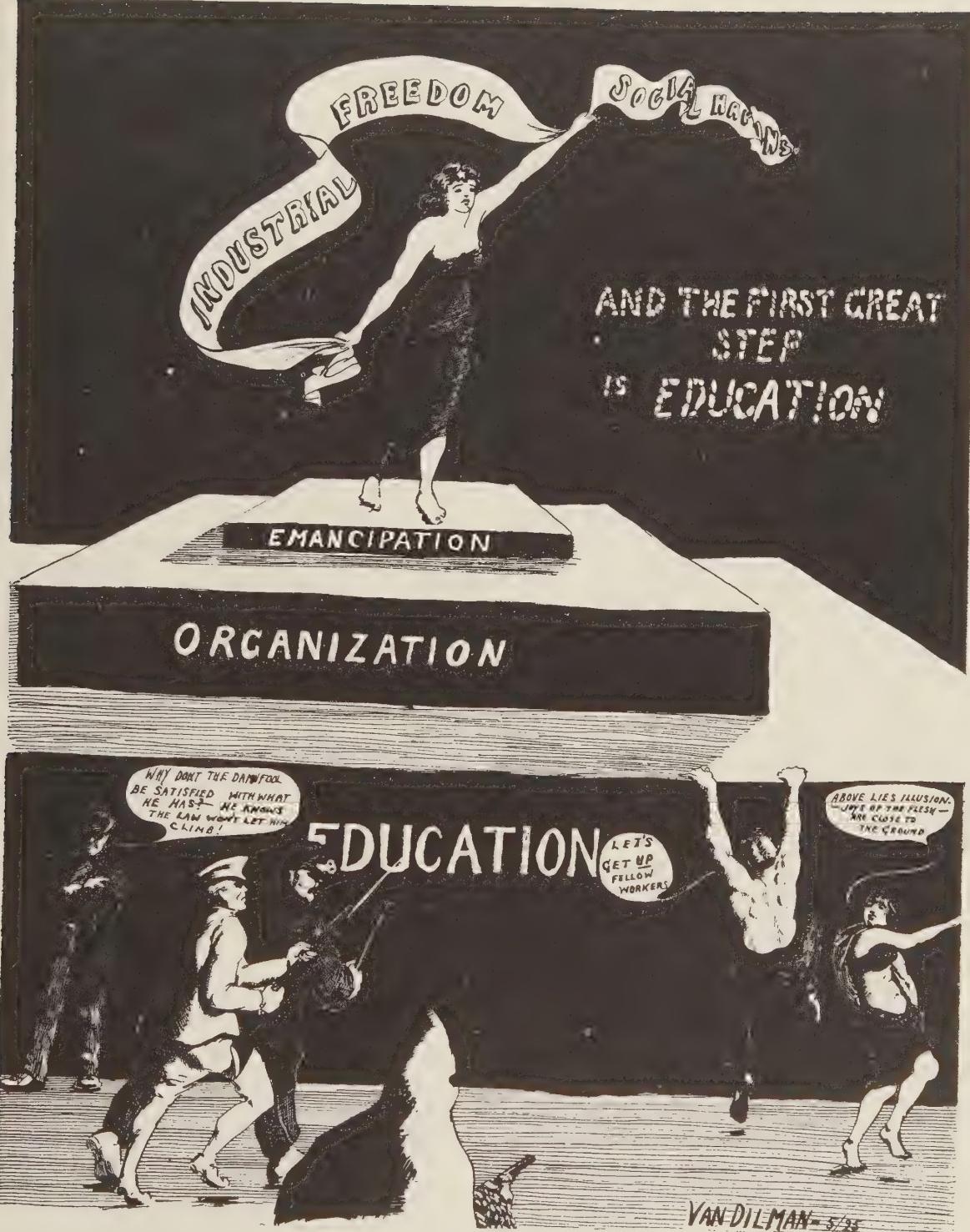
A moment's reflection, however, should convince one that this is probably not so. Let us take some of the vices usually considered most destructive and most prevalent now.

One of the chief, one of the spreading, one of the most tenacious, and altogether the most dangerous forms of vice is the practice of drug taking. The pursuit of more potent means of intoxication and narcosis, mentioned by the ancient historians, still continues today with considerable success. The traffic in morphine, cocaine and heroin is something remarkable. Caches worth hundreds of thousands of dollars are occasionally discovered and seized by revenue officers; the undiscovered supplies must amount to millions of dollars. But "Mary, Katy and Harry" move in the most exclusive circles, in the upper crust of society, and in the underworld. Factory workers do not know them, their acquaint-

(Continued on Page 30)

*THE OVERTHROW OF THE OCCIDENT, by Oswald Spengler, 1920. The idea is not a new one. Flinders Petrie, the Egyptologist, believes there is a biological reason for the rise and fall of civilizations.

*NOTE.—A wonderful impressionistic description, perhaps not accurate in detail, of these events may be found in Merezhkovsky's novel, PETER AND ALEXIUS.



Living in the midst of the disgusting debaucheries of the capitalistic hogs who wallow in the products of modern industry, and continually menaced by the persecutions of their filthy gunmen, thugs, and murderers, the working class is still, on the whole, untainted and uncowed. It continually strives towards the three things the I. W. W. takes as its motto: Education, Organization, Emancipation. It not only tries in individual cases to mount this staircase towards the stars, but it is socially minded, and each member calls on his fellow to rise along with him.

A Wobbly - Why Not?

By H. J. HOLMES

IS name really does not matter, but for the sake of the story let us call him Willie Minter. Meeting him on the street in the Big Town aroused old memories.

My thoughts went back to the time when we were school boys, both attending the same country school.

My father had died earlier in the year, leaving four children to be scattered to the different parts of the globe. I was farmed out to a middle-aged couple living in the backwoods of northern Minnesota, but when school started they in turn sent me to relatives of theirs, who, living closer to a school, could offer me the advantages of a little education.

In my first days at school I did not notice him, for he was shy by nature and did not join in our games as readily as the others. He was about ten years old, tall for one of his age, big boned and awkward.

He was not good looking, but his appealing, wistful eyes drew one to him, so I tried to make friends with him and succeeded to the extent that he was soon my pal and confident. He was bright in his studies, especially so with figures. I recall an incident that occurred about two months after school had opened, or rather close to Thanksgiving.

The schoolma'am, who had been living in a shack set apart from the others, right across the tracks from the railroad station, had been forced to move as a fire had partially burned the shack, and now she was living at the grocer's (the only one there). This grocer's son, Andrew, and Willie were in the same class, and this day each of them had ten problems set out for them on the blackboard. In doing his, Willie had made a trifling mistake, to which the teacher had at once called his attention, lecturing him rather severely, and giving him a mark of only seventy-five out of a possible hundred.

Now came Andrew's turn, and out of the ten problems given him he had made mistakes in four of them. (I had reason to observe all this, as I was the star pupil in school, and being long ago through with my own lessons, I was idly watching what went on at the blackboards.) The schoolma'am, merely glancing at his answers, gave Andrew a mark of **eighty-five** out of a possible one hundred. We'll forgive her, for wasn't she living at his home?

Quickly I raised my hand and snapped my fingers and when she asked what was wanted, I called her attention to this partiality. "It's none of your business," she flashed, and grabbed a rod that she used as a pointer, and—I can still remember the whaling I got. This incident made closer friends than ever out of us, as in his eyes I was a sort of a hero and being two years older and from the city, more sophisticated also.

I found out more about his home life. The family was large, seven children, six of whom were staying at home, and the oldest, a daughter, was an inhabitant of the red light district in the city. Her loss had broken down the mother, had driven her to an early grave, leaving the burden of six children to be fed, clothed and sheltered, on the father. He was a big, heavy set man, with an awful temper, which I thought accounted for the frightened timidity in the eyes of the children and the wistful appealing expression in Willie's eyes.

As the winter months wore away, the task of feeding so many mouths began to tell on this man. His ugly temper was now running out of bounds. The children were often seen crying and their eyes began to pop out with an expression of dread and fear in them.

What could the father do? The farm was not self-supporting, there was no outside work and he could not leave these children to look for work elsewhere. The winter was terrible.

Next spring it culminated. The old man was found dead in his bed, with a rifle on the floor. He was found wanting, as our best writers are so fond of saying. The problem had been too big for him, so he had taken the easiest way out.

Shortly after this the family scattered, the young ones being sent to children's homes, Willie among them.

I heard no more of them until, last fall, I met Willie face to face on Fifth avenue in the Big Town. With him were another young man and a young lady. We met in front of the Tarmo Club; he was on his way there for supper.

I hardly recognized him at first, so great was the change time had wrought. Gone was that hurt expression in his eyes that had so pained you to look into, and gone was the meekness and shyness of his bearing.

Now you looked into two gray eyes that seemed to pierce through yours and his posture was that of a man defying the world to harm him. A determined looking man indeed.

We did not have much time to talk as his companions were waiting, so he shortly excused himself.

I could not help but wonder at the change in him, I had never pictured him so, for even yet I remember the shy, unresponsive boy that he was.

I could come to only one conclusion and that one was later verified. Capitalism had fashioned for itself another nemesis through its inability to care for its victims.

And he smiled as he turned to go, leaving me thinking over his last words.

"Yes, I'm a Wobbly. Why not?"

Yes indeed—Why not?

Twelve Years After Ludlow



Capitalism in Colorado -- the History of a Crime



By JOHN GAHAN

“WHAT BEAUTIFUL PEAKS!”

We were trudging along a road on the edge of Walsenburg. Our way ran past the Walsen Mine, one of Rockefeller's industrial shambles, under dominion of the infamous Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. My companion was a miner, of the race having numerical ascendancy in the district, a keen-witted son of old Mexico—by birth. By choice he was counted among that fellowship of a greater race, the militant workers of the world, too big for national cagings and patriotic poppycock.

“Yes,” said Manuel, lifting his dark eyes to the craggy grandeur that had inspired me to exclaim, “They are beautiful, and they have a history.”

A history? Very likely. Which of all the mountains and hills around us had not played a sanguinary part in the record of the coal monster?

As though divining my thoughts he went on:

“Their interesting history is older than that of King Coal.”

So we rested on a stone bridge that spanned a tumbling creek, black from the inflow of mine pumping, and while the western skies caught the glory of late afternoon sunlight, Manuel told me the story of the two commanding summits whose snow-crests absorbed roseate hues of a setting sun.

He reminded me of the tale of conquest by intrepid Cortez, who, with a few hundred soldiers, faced westward in Mexico after burning behind him not proverbial bridges, but his ships, the galleons that rode between the hostile New World and friendly Spain. And how this desperate invader compelled the allegiance of so many of Montezuma's foes that when the Aztec capital was reached—where now stands Mexico City—60,000 troops hailed him their chief.

“And what, Manuel, has this to do with the mountains above us?”

Then he related how Cortez demanded gold. Well,

foemen fallen into Aztec captivity had described to Montezuma two peaks where gold was abundant. They led the Aztec runners to the mountains that rise west of sprawling Walsenburg. Sure enough, the gold was there. Thus, when the Conquistador called for yellow precious metal there was much to give.

Subsequently that bright, weighty metal which Aztec runners carried over valley, desert and mountain range to the feet of their mighty emperor was loaded on the galleons of Hispaniola to fall in turn to England's protected pirates, Drake, Hawkins and their kind.

In the annals of the Aztec people was written of these Colorado peaks: “They rise from a valley like the breasts of a maiden.” More, thought I, like the breasts of a generous mother with a gift of life to all. That a few stole the treasure meant for many is a mark of society divided into classes. Indeed, this is its chief characteristic, its mainspring.

No longer are these “Spanish Peaks” burdened with gold, but necessity and ingenuity, blood and toil and pain have wrung from the hearts of Colorado's picturesque hills that black treasure of capitalism on which has been builded a bourgeois civilization. That factory wheels may whirr, that ships and railroads may operate, that heat and light and life itself be maintained, coal must be mined. And in the country around Walsenburg in every direction for many miles there is no valley without its coal camp, no hill without its tipple, and when shifts are changed roads and paths are filled with black-faced diggers who must reach home ere they free their bodies from the grime of their toil.

Here is one of the minor grievances present not only in Colorado coal mines, but also in many in Wyoming. Wash-houses are not provided at the mines. At South Superior a petition for them by miners, as provided by law, was signed, but because the workers were not ready to take organized, eco-

nomic action no wash-houses were built, law provision notwithstanding.

Colorado's history of laws for betterment of miners is well to consider. I remember sitting in New York's Carnegie Hall twelve years ago at a mass meeting of protest against the massacre at Ludlow. A monument is there now to commemorate the incident, and when monuments are raised it is timely to chronicle anew the fearful story.

It should be recalled that for seventeen years prior to 1913 Colorado provided for many alleviations of the harsh conditions to which miners were subject, and for a variety of protective measures of economic and physical natures.

Ludlow, away off in the hills, was unknown to the world until the miners, their wives and children rose in rebellion against vicious industrial servitude. They expressed economic determination to gain what the dead laws "guaranteed" for so long. Camp after camp struck, and into tents went the strikers as they left the huts owned by operators.

At Ludlow uniformed thugs, employed by the Colorado Fuel and Iron, saturated the tents with John D.'s kerosene oil and set fire to them. Escaping from the tents the men, women and children were met by a rain of leaden death poured from rifle and machine gun fire. Into a timbred dugout, used for confinement cases, a number of women and children crowded. Here two of the women and eleven of the children were roasted and smothered to death. In Walsenburg at one of our meetings I met a miner who told me that his wife and two children had died in that tragerdy, and that his father had been shot dead.

At the Industrial Relations Commission hearings in 1914 held in New York's City Hall, witnesses of this massacre were examined. Rockefeller, Jr., was also quizzed. It developed that he commanded his lackey, Welborn, to crush the strike by any means. Welborn was then, I believe, a mine or district superintendent. He obeyed with such gusto that the world was startled and horrified.

That was about twelve years ago. The other day I was handed a magazine issued by the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. Therein I noticed that this murderer, Welborn, has been rewarded well by the sanctimonious Baptists of Cleveland and Tarrytown. Welborn is now at the head of the C. F. and I.

Letters to think about—C. F. and I. You know all about Rockefeller's "Plan," company unionism, and the rest of the flapdoodle to bless mine slavery. The magazine says the company's initials are also spelled out "Cooperation, Friendship and Industry." How nice! We might almost forget the dreadful odor of roasting flesh, and fail longer to remember the blood-drenched hills in the Pollyannaism of this edifying company journal.

But there is more than the past to consider. We exist in the present. Today and now are of quickening interest to us. "Wealth has its responsibilities," we are often told. Millions upon millions of dollars have been spent by the Rockefeller interests

to shape a social destiny favorable to the "interests." A pretension is made that the welfare of the miners is safeguarded by C. F. and I. Examination of the company's sweet solicitude in this respect is quite touching.

Twelve years after Ludlow, what is the social status of the coal miner in Colorado and under norms set by C. F. and I.? Let me see the homes of workers and their social position is revealed. Not in phrases of a company magazine is the truth to be found. "We have had no accidents in —— days," runs the lie. I saw C. F. and I. employees almost daily injured while at work.

But it was of miners' homes we were speaking. On a road from Walsenburg I saw a number of nondescript hovels, which I thought were for storage purposes, for chickens or pigs. Coming nearer I saw a hog come from one of these huts—and a woman from another shack adjoining no different in structure except for a smokestack piercing its roof.

In another of these C. F. and I. "homes" of miners I inventoried the household effects. There was a table, several boxes in lieu of chairs, a stove, some dishes and culinary utensils, while on the floor were two mattresses. The walls were entirely bare and very rough. This "case" was a bit extreme.

"Is this all the furniture you can afford?" I questioned.

The miner's wife then told me that her husband favored unionism, labor, not company, and he had been discharged and blacklisted so much that they were almost nomadic in their frequent moves from camp to camp.

C. F. and I. wants no labor unionism because this strikes at profits, at the super-exploitation oppressing its slaves. The company union is "safe." It will boost profits while sustaining its hungry helots on platitudes and giving them wishbones to suck.

"Super-exploitation?" You may raise quizzical brows.

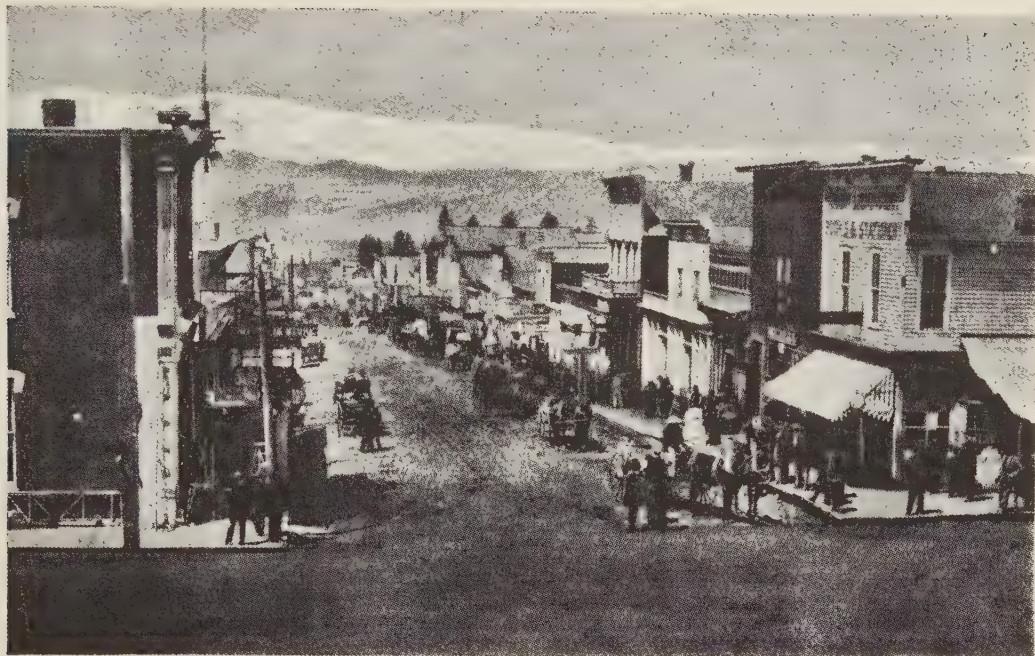
Exactly! Some capitalists have a code of ethics. They will cheat within a definite sphere. For example, if you are to do a certain task for a dollar the dollar is forthcoming when the task is done. But not with this hallowed Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. I should say not!

Check-weighmen are unknown in Colorado. Now a check-weighman is a man hired by the workers to weigh the coal they mine. The company has its weighman and he is employed to take care of the company's interest. He does so with a vengeance in Colorado, where the miners have no one to check up on the weighing.

Many miners told me that they had estimated that for every three tons of coal they load they are paid for one! I am convinced that this is not exaggerated.

How the C. F. and I. raises the "morale" of its employees may be gathered from the following:

I observed a group of miners before the office of



A COLORADO MINING CAMP IN THE OLD GOLD MINING DAYS
(Many of The Metal Mining Camps Grew Up To Be Coal Centers)

a superintendent. They had been summoned to appear there. It was a cold day and they shivered on the steps in front of the sacred precinct. But more than cold caused them to shiver. Presently a glowering giant emerged and "dog-eyed" these slaves. Then he charged them with loading rock for coal, and threatened them with discharge if they repeated the offense.

Load three tons in low holes on the knees. Wet mines. And then get paid for one ton! Then threatened with discharge for loading a little rock. Co-operation!

The miners seemed cowed. They slunk away. The big officious driver spat vigorously and returned to his swivel-chair.

I have mentioned C. F. and I. because this company dominates the situation and its example is followed by other companies. But under all, conditions are quite alike. Recently C. F. and I. forced employees to sign a petition praying for a wage reduction from \$7.75 to \$5.25.

Their prayer was granted, and I'm afraid that the woman on the hill will not have to live with a pig next year. Indeed she'll probably have no pig at all.

Those houses. I can't forget them. How the wind blew through the cracks in walls, floors and ceilings! C. F. and I. apparently interested in conserving proper ventilation. And what mangy broods to mature in this degradation.

Mexicans, Greeks, Italians, Slavs—these races are in the majority. So-called "white men" are bosses and gunmen and Kluxers, for the greater part. Over it all is the invisible power of espionage. One mentions unionism to the miners and they look around

to see who is near. They have a job complex. But their jobs are good if they last four days to the week.

Organizing there is a trying labor. Yet it must be done or the miners are sure to sink steadily to a more outraged condition. And though we find the companies triumphant today, arrogant in their unchallenged autocracy, we should not be without strong hope for the success of the I. W. W. among them if one great concept can be roused among the miners.

This is to feel in themselves a power making for their own deliverance. While speaking there I urged them to look to no others for salvation, but to build up their forces without ever being dependent on leaders from without and within. We have not an inconsiderable membership in Colorado, but it must train itself to carry on organization work itself. Until this competency is developed progress will be slow.

The United Mine Workers of America have practically no membership in Colorado, and sentiment is so strong against that organization on the part of the miners that it is almost certain that it can never be revived. On the other hand the miners have a good sentiment for the I. W. W., though it is difficult to get much expression on account of prevailing surveillance, the blacklist and other gentle gestures of the paternalistic C. F. and I. self-appointed and God-anointed exponent of "Cooperation, Friendship and Industry."

We often speak of Ludlow's massacre. I have mentioned the monument. Yet it is more wholesome to look for other memorials of the class warfare in Colorado. Martyrdom is an incident of our

struggle; it is not its object, as some pacifistic brethren among us seem to think. Therefore I looked for other marks than those raised to a massacre of women and babies of my class.

Because these exist there in numbers to gladden any rebel heart it seems to me we can approach the future conflict more optimistically. All fight has not been crushed out of the Colorado miners. In common with workers throughout the land they have slumped into an apathy that has been disastrous. But from our meetings there we know that a reawakening is near. We succeeded in getting about a hundred miners to each meeting, with weather conditions very much against us. The U. M. W. of A. organizers, who became visible only when they feared the I. W. W., would sweep the district, held a meeting in Walsenburg, which was attended by five persons. Out in the hills, at Skinner, they had another "meeting," which found an audience of two. A few years ago when one of our speakers was in Walsenburg the U. M. W. of A. officials succeeded in bringing the sheriff to the meeting which he promptly stopped.

I was at Rocky Mountain, a camp where company gunmen instituted a reign of terror in 1913. There is a row of company houses which were torn to pieces by the strikers in this battle. The mine tipple is a charred ruin, and not far away is a circular barricade on the highest butte from which the thugs of King Coal learned that the miners could fight.

One of the company officials at that time declared that the coal diggers were "yellow," and he urged a group of plug-uglies to join him for the purpose of smashing a picket line. Well, they made the attack. Their leader fell first and seven of the valiant heroes who

"With whiskey in their bellies
And vengeance in their souls
Prayed that God would help them
Shoot the miners full of holes"

died with him.



The Lumber Industry - Will Its Workers Waken?

(Continued from Page 8)

where the extremely large trees grow. Still, with a weakened union on his hands, the boss had hopes, and began to gradually make hours longer and conditions worse.

The first blow came from the side of the workers. In two strikes in 1923, they retrieved part of the conditions that were being lost. They won the right to free bedding in Grays Harbor district, where it had never been entirely secured, and was being taken away wherever it was previously won.

These strikes were under the organization and general leadership of the I. W. W. The boss promptly struck back at the I. W. W. Realizing

Such are the deeds of my class of which I am proud to speak. The need for organization in Colorado is very great. In past struggles the miners have shown their mettle. Armed with the spirit of solidarity, that is the gift of the I. W. W., we may look forward to a time when our organization there will be powerful and the condition of the workers correspondingly improved.

Of this the miners are sure—that company unionism—"Cooperation, Friendship and Industry"—means pay for one ton where three have been loaded; wages reduced from \$7.75 to \$5.25. They know, too, that C. F. and I., and all other companies, means spies, lack of mine safety, the blacklist. And where company stores exist they know that to those stores they are perennially indebted.

The company gush is distributed in magazine form, and on the entrance of each mine is a notice forbidding miners to take into the mines literature of the Industrial Workers of the World.

Thus are exhibited C. F. and I. prejudices, holding a significance which will slowly dawn upon the miners' brains. They will learn that if the I. W. W. is the bitter enemy of C. F. and I. it is by the same token the staunch friend of the working class in which it has its being and its almighty destiny.

When they learn this fact, and learn to revive that splendid militancy which challenged industrial serfdom in 1913 and which met violence not with a turned cheek, but blow for blow and shot for shot, then only will their status change for the better. Then only will their wages rise and their abodes become fit for human habitation. Then only will they dare to stand erect as men, free to hold opinions and to express them. Then only will company despotism be ground into those eternally beautiful hills by the mighty tread of a really united army of coal diggers and mine workers.

that the unorganized man would not fight for the I. W. W. as such, as long as nothing else bothered him, the employers, banded together in the West Coast Lumbermen's Association, and in other organizations, jammed through, in a few month's time, during 1923, the so-called "clearing house system".

They had a bad habit of the loggers to work on, here, just as they did in the short log country. Or to put it in other words, the loggers were not sufficiently educated, and they let the boss get in the entering wedge of his program. The bad habit of the West Coast was that of patronizing Employment Sharks. Militant workers had fought the

whole employment office system from the beginning, and demanded hiring from the union halls, but the masses of the loggers had continued to go to the big agencies on the "skid roads" when they needed work, and "buy their jobs".

It was only necessary to **organize** these employment sharks for the bosses' use, as they had been working **individually** for the bosses' use even before this, and the trick was done. Now you go to the employment shark, and pay your dollar for the job, and you don't get it back as you did once. Then you have to take your job ticket and go to the "clearing house" established in the lumber towns, and be inspected. You "run the gauntlet" of inquisition, and they look up your record to see if you are lying. In extreme cases they have your picture. Even finger prints have been heard of. Anyway, if you have ever fought for decent living conditions, if you have ever organized a union or a strike, you don't go on the job.

They drove the most militant workers from the jobs, and then they made the jobs bad for the workers and good for the boss. Wages and hours and conditions are right back where they were in 1916, or very near there. They began subtly enough, not to throw the bedding out at first, but just to make the worker pay for his laundry. Then a bunk charge, and then a deposit required for blankets, and so on, higher and higher charges, until many of them go back to the "balloon" to escape these extra charges. **The worker is encouraged to himself throw out the bedding**, and become a "bindle stiff". The only merit in the whole thing is that it is gradually undoing the work of the blacklist. A new crop of discontented loggers is growing up and there is great agitation now, still sterile of results, but promising for the future.

The I. W. W. immediately reflects and accepts this new situation, the rising dissatisfaction of the workers of the lumber industry. Three big conferences have just been held, on Dec. 28, in Spokane, Seattle, and Portland. These conferences had before them the following set of demands put out by Aberdeen Branch of the Lumber Workers' Industrial Union of the I. W. W.

For Logging Camps

"A minimum scale of wages of sixty cents per hour with all board, bed, hospital and first aid charges abolished.

"Standard single beds to be provided in camps, with mattresses of pure cotton (not shoddy), at least six and a half feet long, three feet wide, and four inches thick. Quilts and blankets to be as long as the mattresses and two feet wider; sheets to be two feet longer and two feet wider than mattresses. No top bunks.

For Sawmill Workers

"A minimum scale of wages of seventy-five cents per hour.

"Where sawmill companies furnish board and room it shall be free (also hospital and first aid) and minimum scale shall be sixty cents per hour.

Joint Demands for Logging Camps and Sawmills

"All piecework where done to be increased by fifty percent above present rates.

"All men hired from union hall.

"Delegates and organizers to have free right to organize on any job.

"No censorship or interference with mails coming into companies' offices.

"A forty-four hour week; Saturday afternoon to be a holiday. Time and a half for overtime.

"Release of all political prisoners now held in Walla Walla and no more persecution of union members for their union activities."

It will be noticed that it is recognized that the piece work evil is here, and that we have to make the best of it, and establish a minimum rate for it. Personally I would be in favor of continuing to fight the spread of this most evil system. But where it has already established itself, through the ignorance and the lack of spirit of the workers, we have to make the best of it.

It will also be observed that the black list system is done away with if these demands can be fought for and won.

Everybody in the I. W. W. agrees on fighting the blacklist. The main argument is whether we shall make it the only demand (of course we always include a demand for the freedom of class war prisoners) or whether we shall make it only one of a series of demands about hours, wages and conditions. Those who argue for the Aberdeen scale of demands point out that the unorganized worker is not affected much by the blacklist, and will not strike to abolish it alone; he will fight only for pork-chops. And unless he strikes too, we can't overturn the black-list. The others, (including the majority at the Seattle Conference) believe that we should concentrate on just the release of class war prisoners and the abolition of the black list. This question will be threshed out, throughout the branches.

There will be another big conference sometime this spring, in Portland, after the workers have a chance to talk all the matters over to their heart's content, and that conference will be an extremely important one—if they want to make it so. It may be the turning point in the whole industrial history of the Northwest putting into the shade anything that happened in 1917.

Will the workers waken? Will they rise and be strong—through organization and through action?



Knocking the 'ell Out of "Glory"

At the Studebaker Theatre, Chicago

THIRD ARTICLE IN THE "WORKERS' PLAY" SERIES

By ROSA ALEXANDRA KNUUTI

"For it's true
They paid the price
Of having served too well,
A poor cause and a lost."—Anonymous.

"War is hell," it has been said, and I came much nearer realizing the worth of this classic statement as I listened to a bunch of weary and war-sick soldiers curse their way through three acts of Stallings' and Anderson's war play, "What Price Glory".

I had my misgivings though, as I found my way to view this play of war. I'd been fooled before. So rather like a sulky youngster I slid into my seat ready for the worse.

Memory called up the times I had gone to the movies or the theater showing a play with a war theme and full of hope in a dumbfool way expecting something from the working class angle I would see some monstrosity that amounted to nothing more nor less than the justification or glorification of wholesale slaughter.

Would this be different, I mused? Would they inject a few truths into the thing? Would they really do without the old hokum, the flagwaving, the "heroics" and cheap sentiment about fighting for "democracy," etc.?

Well, as a certain Roman once had occasion to say "veni, vidi, vici," I, too, came and saw and remained to pretty darn near burn incense at the shrine of this "What Price Glory." It seemed too good to be true, and I pinched myself, so to speak, to see if I was all there, or had part of me meandered off into a volume of Kirkpatrick's "War, What For?"

Takes Tang Out of Glory of Slaughter

But sure enough, it was, if anything, an indictment against war. No band playing—no flagwaving. What a relief! Only a play of a dirty, filthy, bitter, unjust war it was. A story boldly told of American soldiers in the hellholes of France, fighting and swearing and cursing their way through three acts. Gosh, I never heard so much blaspheming in all my life. Surely, they broke all the world's records for plain and fancy swearing in their effort to express their sentiments about the "hellfamess" they were thrown into—not a word about doing their noble duty, nor doing their bit for the dear old sod. No siree. They just cursed all over the place. They cursed their "brainy" superiors who remained back of the lines; they cursed the corned

willy, the Y. M. C. A. tobacco profiteers—and themselves for being born.

I was hoping it would keep up until they had cussed the party really responsible for their dilemma. But that was expecting too much. I was glad enough to see that the boys weren't kidding themselves about the illusive something known as "glory," about that vague something called "democracy." It had no place in the minds of the doughboys who tramped through mud and rain in tattered uniforms; tired and heartsick subsisting on corned willy—fighting to make the world safe for the master class, which reminded me:

"Not though the soldier knew
Someone had blundered.
Their's not to make reply,
.Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to do and die," and etc.

And I wondered for how long?

Albeit, "What Price Glory" is primarily a story of war, it has a simple romance interwoven through it. But, then, what's a play without it?

There's the captain and sergeant both laying siege to the same girl, "Cognac Pete's" daughter. The captain, played by Louis Wolfheim, of "Hairy Ape" fame, isn't so sure whether she is his or the sergeant's meat, until he has occasion to leave on an errand for a day or two. The usual thing happens. The sergeant vamps the lady in the meantime or vice versa, whichever way such things happen, and thereby gets himself into a fine fix. Not only is the captain good and peeved on his return, but old "Cognac Pete" himself isn't so sure that the American soldiers haven't taken advantage of his Charmaine, particularly the sergeant. Pete seeks retribution for these liberties. It'll cost the sergeant a pretty franc for holding Charmaine on his knee and "parley vowing" if the captain has anything to say about it. But this is war, and an order to the front is the sergeant's salvation. He does, however, sign away his monthly allowance to the girl.

The second act takes you into the cellar of a disputed town and holds one in a vise of interest. It reveals the life of the soldier in the stress of actual fighting. Here they kill and are killed and don't know why. Tired, sick of war, they cry when things seem to go badly with them, like so many homesick children. A wounded German moans and cries "kamerad" throughout the fearful night and drives the idealist, Lipinsky, out of his mind. Here

you see as much of war as you ever want to see. Here you see the price that is paid for glory.

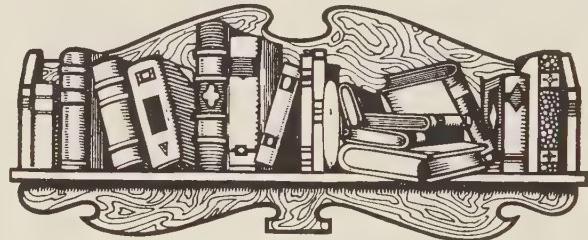
A live bit of actual propaganda against war, which makes me wonder how it will react on the militarist element. I conjecture it will seriously upset their mental balance, and I'm a little afraid for "What Price Glory." There's the Daughters of the A. Revolution, the American Legion and other murderously inclined outfits to reckon with. Goodness knows, they may annihilate it for a row of flag-

poles. Either that, or tone it down to suit their martial tastes.

I hope it keeps intact though, for we need this kind of theater and more of it—and ere long the "glory of war" will have become a "beautiful" myth taking its place in due time along with the rest of the fossilized piffle that has deluded man's mind this many a day.

So I want to go on record as voting this common-sense play of the war as pretty darn good. And I don't mean maybe. I'd go and see it again.

Book Reviews



Seba Eldridge, Assoc. Prof. of Sociology, University of Kansas, has written a book called **Political Action**

Psychological Basis Of Direct Action which is very easy to read and very hard to adequately review. If you are to do more than give a summary of the argument, if you are to properly check-up and either correct or judge to be correct all of the keen, startling, snappy statements in this production, you will have to have a good reading knowledge of all the old and recent philosophers (including the pragmatists, especially), all the sociologists, all the old and especially the very latest psychologists, all history, all political theory, the principles at least of biology, something of religion, a considerable amount of economics, a little statistics, and most everything that has been written on the materialistic conception of history.

What I am going to do in this review is to give a brief abstract of Eldridge's argument and conclusions, point to one or two outstanding errors, and emphasize by quotations a few of the things which it seems to me he has sufficiently proved. Perhaps some intellectual athlete will be stimulated to undertake a serious consideration of the subjects opened for discussion.

First, one of Eldridge's mistakes, made in a field in which most of the readers of the Industrial Pioneer are more at home than Eldridge is. The author implies (p. 60) that the main reason for the radicalism of the I. W. W. is that its members, made up of the the migratory lumber workers of the Northwest, are suffering from suppressed sex instincts—are without homes, families, and wives. He does not, as does another of Lippincott's authors, writing in the same sociological series with Eldridge, also imply that there is nothing else wrong, and that therefore the Wobblies are merely poor, help-

less freaks, in a bad situation and without hope of escape except through assistance from the outside. On the contrary, he recognizes that there are many other forms of oppression from which members of the migratory industries suffer, in common with other workers, and that the I. W. W. is no mean force; he says, "It should not be too easily assumed that the organization of men such as these can play but a feeble role in the labor movement. Similar elements played a very important role in the French revolution and the events which followed . . ."

This whole idea that industrial unionism is a psychopathic symptom is the fault of Carlton Parker. Ever since Parker attempted to psychoanalyse the migratory workers, back in 1914-15 following the Wheatland affair) sociologists and psychologists and every sort of educated bourgeois writer has accepted his findings, and repeated his conclusions without any attempt, apparently, to find out whether they were right or not. And they are not. Parker investigated few of the workers of the camps and the sea; he gathered his material from the **skid-roads** of lumber towns and from the extremely migratory fruit harvest workers of California. These most transient workers are all right, too, most of them, but the sensible ones have learned to be very cautious about talking to people who ask questions; the frame-up and dragnet proceedings that followed the Ford and Suhr trial and other earlier cases taught wariness to any who would otherwise be too free with the story of their lives. So these gave no information to Parker. Those who supplied him with data (?) were the egomaniacs, such as later started the "E. P.", and the stool-pigeons of the Townsend and Coutts variety, who told Parker what they thought their paymasters wanted him to hear. Parker's decision that the Wobbly is red largely because he is homeless,

hopeless, voteless, wifeless, and peevish has become one of those enthroned errors that cast their shadows down across all subsequent thought—the sort of a thing that old Sir Francis Bacon called an "idol of the mind".

The migratory worker becomes radical quicker than the homeguard because he has less to lose if he loses a strike (his job is never permanent) and because he not only sees but works in modern society and the industrial system over a wider scope—he travels, meets more different kinds of people, has a better chance to investigate, is forced to study the situation in order to make a living more than the man following one groove in a two-by-four town. Many unskilled factory workers are just as wifeless as the migratory; the lower ranks of the army and navy are just as sex-starved, and even more repressed (military discipline) but none of these are as radical as the "stiff" because they do not get his comprehensive view of modern industry.

We would not say for a moment that the migratory worker is not repressed, as other workers are, nor that he does not resent it, nor that he does not have some special difficulties of his own, uncertainty of employment and bad treatment by the authorities. But on the other hand he escapes some of the restraints the stationary worker suffers from, and has more freedom of movement. His special difficulties are largely directly economical, and he readily adopts an economic organization to get rid of them.

The first half of the book and the last chapter are largely psychological. Eldridge sets forth certain "instincts": hunger, fear, repulsion, pugnacity, sex, parental instinct, acquisitiveness, gregariousness, and play. In one chapter on each, he discusses the effects on each of them of the modern social system, and how they cause men to react in that system.

Hunger produces much of our activity. Famine causes governmental changes, rebellions, peace and war sometimes.

Fear, especially of losing the job, prevents labor from organizing, frustrates gregarious impulses, makes the individual worker meek, and "we must say, on the basis of this analysis that fear largely dominates the behavior of the modern working-man . . ." (. 35).

As for repulsion: "No reiteration is too vehement to express the hopeless feeling of loathing for the machine and the monotony that it forces upon the workers—the constant drilling of an unchanging motion, a never-ending repetition that destroys all interest and kills all creative effort. This feeling of hatred is doubly strong because it is constant and for the worker is infinite and without escape." (Quoted on Page 44, from Tannenbaum, *New Republic*, July 7, 1920.)

Pugnacity has been made a group matter, which means that "personal conflict is now organized, for the most part, and has reference to the group divi-

sions in society". Workers are not as pugnacious as their masters, "but holding a job . . . entails all the repressions we have indicated," and the worker must work, one place or another, so: "The laborer, in short, is cornered. And he will react as all men react when cornered. He will fight." This fighting impulse is partisan, without thought for the good of the opponent, and cannot be effectually "sublimated" under conditions as they are.

Thwarted sex impulses are the basis for much misery among the working class; and fear of not being able to provide for a family continually thwarts them. It is here that the discussion of the I. W. W. comes in. The paternal instinct is similar in its effects, similarly thwarted by the conditions of the modern laborer's life. Both make the worker less confident when facing the boss, because the worker with wife and child is more afraid of losing his job than the single man.

Acquisitiveness is stronger among capitalists than among workers. It is the most dominant impulse in the dominant class in society. It is strong in the workers too, where it may lead to either strikes or treason to the cause of labor, but it is the ruling passion of the capitalist class. "Any machinery devised by society for regulating the struggle over product and power will eventually be repudiated by any party to the struggle whose interests are consistently defeated thereby, and who would eventually conclude that this machinery was set up, or at least functioned in the interest of an opposing party. Just these considerations explain in large part the growing distrust of existing political and economic institutions, despite their traditionalary sanctions, and the growing strength of movements for their modification or abolition." (p. 72).

Self assertion is subdued among workers, on account of submissiveness and fear, but it rankles them to be so subdued. It would be wise of the masters, from their own point of view, to be very tactful in their rule, and when they are, they have little rebellion. But this is too much to ask of human nature, and self-assertion frequently runs rampant among the upper classes, is bitterly resented by the lower, and leads to outbreaks.

Curiously enough, yet a well known fact to agitators, some large sections of the slave class like to be bossed around. Submissiveness of a part is one of the things that keeps the whole lower class in slavery. Any change will have to take place without the submissive ones, unless at the critical moment they can be dominated into going with the revolution.

Curiosity is the basis of intellectual action, of planning and of reasoned judgement based on investigation. It functions well in only a very few people; through science and invention it has a very large indirect influence, but very little direct influence. People act according to habit.

Constructiveness is a real urge. If suppressed among workers they feel resentment. Many schemes to keep the workers quiet and satisfied on low wages

have been evolved by clever managers, most of them encouraging the worker to think he helps to run the business.

The gregarious impulses, or the "herd instincts," work best in the herd appearing to represent historically dominant traditions, in the numerically larger herd, and the one with the best means of intercommunication between its members. Workers feel class interest, but the capitalist class erects a larger herd, not nearly so real, called the "nation," and by control of practically all the means of intercommunication, persuades workers to a loyalty to their country and their country's master class all of it a direct injury to their loyalty to the working class. "The idea or opinion which is reiterated oftenest will be associated with the herd, and is therefore accepted by the members of the herd. Those in a position to put the greatest volume of reiteration behind their views will have those views prevail. They will be opposed by smaller herds who have become dissatisfied to some degree with the larger herd, through a realization that the machinery of communication itself creates this larger herd, and that it functions in the interest of the class which controls the machinery of communication". (p. 130).

Play is considered in its relation to the industrial process, many employers believing that it is possible for well managed games and spectacles to prevent the workers' disgust for badly paid, monotonous labor. The author decides that it is not a substitute for the other "instincts" repressed, though it is of some service to a master class, and gives some enjoyment to the worker himself.

Considerable space is taken up with a defense of the practise of calling these tendencies just described "instincts". The behaviorists would deny that they were anything but response patterns. For immediate practical purposes, of analyzing modern society, it seems to me that it does not matter which they are called; they exist, and they operate as he says. The author's analysis is useful, and thought-provoking; I think it is accurate in the main. But Eldridge is trying to prove the pessimistic theory that there is no hope of any improvement, for these same instincts are "as they were in the beginning, are now, and ever shall be, world without end," revolution or not, education or not, no matter what you have—and that means perpetual social war. On the other hand, if they are not instincts, if there are no instincts, or only very simple and tractible ones, situations might easily arise in which they ceased to exist. Eldridge's attack on the behaviorists seems to me to be rather weak; most of his objections are already answered in Allport's "**Social Psychology**" (Reviewed in *Industrial Pioneer*, Nov., 1924).

After his review of the "instincts" the author considers cultural factors—everything that man has learned or made, including those prevalent ideas that he learned under one set of circumstances and which are no longer useful or correct. Thus the

principles of liberty and equality sprang from the necessity for freedom of contract and private property, but, "Freedom of contract and private property have fostered a political and economic development which clearly violates the principle of liberty and equality, while (a positive) freedom of contract and private property themselves have become the prerogative of a comparatively small class. The accumulation and concentration of capital have clearly given a large measure of political control to a small class, and this violates the principles of liberty (or self government), while the grossly unequal distribution of wealth, and of opportunity, violates the principle of equality. And in the course of this development a class (the proletariat—V. S.) arose whose conditions, tested by the so-called normal standard of living has steadily deteriorated." (p. 161).

All this leads up a discussion of the role of intelligence in social affairs, and Eldridge decides that except for a very few people, there is little thought about social or political science as a whole; most people react according to their instincts, directed by what they know and hear; people don't have time to think.

So we have a class struggle, which cannot be solved by any peaceful means. It is not possible for the various liberal groups to get their programs accepted, because every one of them involves the voluntary surrender by the capitalists of some of their power, prerogatives, and wealth, and it is quite futile to ask them to so surrender. They will yield to some superior force, and not otherwise. You cannot expect them to violate all of their instincts—or habit patterns.

Neither can any peaceful parliamentary action by a labor party or otherwise correct these evils. For with the capitalist class in control of all means of communication or nearly all (and the best ones) and with its ability to maintain the loyalty of many workers to capitalist institutions through playing on such instincts as individual acquisitiveness, parental feeling, fear, etc., it is quite impossible for a labor party to even get all the workers in it, and the workers are a minority anyway. The working class, unless it violates all of its most important urges and desires, must continue to grow more radical, less considerate of other classes, and less credulous of the present fiction of democracy. Or, in other words, it is driven to the use of direct action.

Much of Eldridge's analysis remains one of that of the professed historical materialists. Eldridge does not realize this, or perhaps he does, and is on the defensive. At any rate he puts in a chapter on "economic determinism" a doctrine which he ascribes to Marx and Engels and against which he urges the usual objections of those who do not go to the original sources for the theory. He considers it a point in opposition that at certain times in any given society, we find whole classes acting contrary to their economic interests. The fact that

there are such vestiges of ideology as the above described notions of "liberty and equality" he thinks is an indication that the theory must be modified, "and its name changed," for economics cannot account for their presence. I would suggest that he consider the name, "Historical Materialism," which is what Marx and Engels called their theory, and consider the theory they actually worked out, and not the modification of it he is evidently familiar with. You can't get a correct idea of historical materialism from E. R. A. Seligman.

Eldridge does put up one objection, new to me at least, which is this: the emphasis on the economic factor in historical changes prevents one from giving proper attention to the retarding influences which make the superstructure lag behind the material development. Psychology, for instance might not be properly investigated, if the world should suddenly be converted to "economic determinism." I think there might even be something to this objection by Eldridge, but the danger at present is just the opposite. The economic basis of the superstructure is denied, or obscured.

We might agree with Eldridge that John Dewey and his following, with their naive faith that education will change the basis of human nature as it is now, are all wrong, and yet not agree with Eldridge that it will not change. Those of us who have become convinced that historical materialism is a true explanation of the structure of modern society, and other societies, claim that new tools, new machinery of production, will bring new classes into a dominant position—not instantly, but as soon as the social laws involved permit these things to work themselves out. To demand an instant reflection of the new productive force in the structure of society and the mental and "instinctive" life of society would be like demanding ripe grain from the plowed ground on the day after the sowing. Yet we have a great mass of historical evidence, much too much to repeat here, that there does result from such changes in the economic basis of society a change in its structure, its dominant class, and in the psychology and philosophy of that class—such a change as is meant by a shift in the "instinct which has a hegemony" (to quote Eldridge). This is a change in human nature. Just as the hegemony of "self-assertiveness" in the feudal master class gives way to that of "acquisitiveness" in the capitalist master class—so in a workers' commonwealth we may expect "gregarious instincts" to be greatly strengthened. Before we have any such change in human nature, we must, by intensifying the class war, sweep capitalism away and give these now suppressed "instincts" a chance to develop. The economic basis of the workers' commonwealth is already here—and the class war itself is the way in which the superstructure, including the psychology of society, is being made to conform to it.

On the whole, and if Eldridge's various errors are remembered, it is an extremely valuable book that he has written, and one I should like to quote more

from. It will be a pleasure to watch for reports of further investigation by the same author. I hope that the next time he writes he will not have one of Prof. E. C. Hayes' usual asinine "editor's introductions". In the case of **Political Action** Hayes also encumbers the pages with several footnotes of extraordinary stupidity.

VERN SMITH.

POLITICAL ACTION, by Seba Eldridge, Lippincott, Philadelphia. Price, \$2.

"Social Work In the Light of History" was first in the Lippincott sociological series. The author in his preface states very clearly his **Professionalizing Social Poulticing** purposes in writing the volume and his manner of working. He says that in preparing the pages for the press he "had several groups of readers in mind, especially college students and interested citizens who wish, without delving deeply into the subject, to have some definite notion of the significance of social work," and later, "No attempt has been made to produce an original contribution to knowledge of any subdivision of history, and there has been relatively little use of original documents". The book, true to these promises, never delves beneath the veriest surface of social problems nor contributes one whit the interest that did the volumes of research he consulted, such as those of Lallemand, Webb, Asley or Bosanquet.

The method of the book is what Professor Queen calls "studying history backward". Rather than "starting at the beginning," he chooses to "look about and form a tentative estimate of today" before turning back into our yesterdays. Thus Part I "Present Tendencies in Social Work," treats with 1. Professionalizing Social Work, 2. Correlation of Social Agencies and 3. Preventive and Constructive Work; while Part II deals with "Nineteenth Century Humanitarianism"; Part III with "The English Poor Law," Part IV with "The Medieval Church and Philanthropy, and Part V goes back to "Mutual Aid in Medieval Communities." After taking us back as far as the 14th century, the author simply stops "studying history backward" and we have a final chapter of "Summary and Conclusion".

The advantages of this method, over the ordinary historically "right side up" picture, are not apparent. Certainly Part I: "Present Tendencies in Social Work" makes estimates that are not upheld by the later introduced historical material nor based on historical insight or perspective; we trust it is truly but a "tentative estimate". The claim is made that: "Already social science, particularly sociology, has established the fact of the relativity of moral codes and the general manner in which social institutions grow and decay. It has demonstrated the intimate relations of government, industry, religion, family—in other words,

the unity of the social process. It has shown the importance and some methods of applying functional tests to social agencies. It has made clear the possibility of controlling many of the conditions of our common life". Doctor Queen worries a great deal about the stigma that "charity," and "philanthropy" have acquired, denies at length any "assumption of social or economic superiority" implied, and pleads for the "new professional attitude," and says that the social worker, like the physician, lawyer, minister and teacher, should be recognized as "professional folks who are engaged in doing things which people need to have done and which in this era of specialization they are not able to do for themselves". Professor Queen chooses to ignore the rather obvious differences that the professional persons he names are paid by the persons they serve, they exercise no financial control as such over their clients, they are not concerned to "patch" the existing economic organism where it is rent. He says, "the social worker should not be looked upon as handing down to the inferior classes some of the surplus of the superior," and that, "Now it is a revulsion against just this sort of thing that is providing one of the most powerful impulses of the professionalizing of social work. Charity has sometimes been presented as a device for quieting unrest and avoiding important social or economic readjustments. But the scorn of the socialist, trade-unionist and often the moderate liberal for charity is being felt . . . Additional impetus is given to this transition by the gradually increasing use of social agencies by the well-to-do, sometimes with the payment of a fee for the service, and by the extension of the government participation in social work. Just as there need be no humiliation in consultation with a physician, attorney, architect or engineer, so it may be that the social worker will presently be looked to by all of us for the rendering of certain specialized services".

These kind of statements indicate a type of confused thinking, a quality of evasion, a lack of appreciation of the different types of functions that a social worker does or may serve, and on the other hand his functional purpose as a unit in the social and economic organization of society. Many persons may approve of the personal services that he can render, the type of non-financial advise in social situations that he can give—the Better Baby Clinics, the Child Behavior Problems Clinics, the Legal Aid Societies—are examples of this type of service, which while not free of the "Charity Stigma," are yet purely voluntary, not coercive and have the true germ of "social service" in the way of making public and available to all professional abilities which hitherto could be purchased individually only and at a too high, nay at a prohibitive price. But it is a very curious reasoning which, while recognizing the economic implications of these same problems and realizing that many persons, understandably and perhaps justifiably,

see in charity "a device for quieting unrest and avoiding important social or economic readjustments," will yet hope to answer these same objections merely by putting social service on a professional plane. That were truly an easy answer to all our economic and social ills.

The historical material presented is interesting though not full nor new. Part IV "The Medieval Church and Philanthropy" traces the influence and effect of the Church on social conditions and the type of social amelioration that followed. "The idea that the giving of alms constituted a sacrifice in the sense of a religious ceremony seems first to have appeared in the teachings of the church fathers." (p. 217). Then, "With this continued emphasis upon the spiritual welfare of the givers, it was inevitable that the particular need of the recipients should often be overlooked. Consequently, there not only was failure to provide the things most needed, but there was encouragement of begging and idleness". Then, in turn, as to methods taken to curb these same evils: "Europe would not have resorted to whipping, branding, galley, deportation and even slavery and death punishments for begging unless this had been a very serious evil." (p. 226). The arraignment of the Medieval Period in the History of Social Service is enlightening, and complete:

"But an even more serious effect of the philanthropy which was based on the religious merit of almsgiving was the ignoring of fundamental social problems. From the very beginning of the Christian Church, there was an acceptance of the established order. This was doubtless due to the hope for an early return of the Lord and a feeling that injustice in this world mattered little because it would so soon be rectified in the next. Therefore, the Church did not undertake to destroy the institution of human slavery. It advised the slaves instead of caring for freedom, rather to make good use of their calling as slaves. Indeed, the Church itself became in the fourth and fifth centuries the owner of a large number of slaves. From the passing of the Apostles to the end of the Crusades the expectation of an early return of the Lord was gradually given up, but the notion that the social order was subject to change did not enter men's minds for many centuries. The unequal distribution of property, the social distinctions between the rich and poor, the subjection of women, and other injustices which have by no means entirely vanished, were long accepted as a matter of course, and no efforts were put forth for their elimination". (p. 226).

When he views the great strides that have been made in "public service," the growth of "social conscience," Professor Queen finds himself much encouraged and he is very hopeful. He looks to "social insurance, free compulsory education, and all those things that will go to make complete political and industrial democracy," to "break down class lines and give everyone an equal part in our common life." He says: "Charity thus means a se-

cond sort of abstraction. It implies that something is wrong with the political and industrial system". He perceives basic problems but would cure them with what appear to many earnest thinkers as poor palliatives. He acknowledges fundamental sores, sees wounds and infections that have persisted through the centuries; and he would cure them with simple remedies, professional treatment and social legislation the efficacy of which are all belied by that very history he "studied backward" so long.

—E. M.

SOCIAL WORK IN THE LIGHT OF HISTORY,
by Stuart Albert Queen, Ph. D. Published by Lip-
pincott, Philadelphia. Price, \$2.

Any country in which the established social system is nearing its point of maximum development is characterized by a redundancy of population. Nothing presages more clearly an impending economic readjustment than the presence of a large class of people whose standard of living is constantly being depressed because the increase in population is more rapid than increase in the available necessities of life, or because of an inequitable system of distribution of these necessities. In either case the ingenuity of the race is applied to the problem of finding a way in which to break down the barriers to further human progress.

While it may reasonably be taken for granted that the remedy will be discovered and applied in the future as it has in the past by the class that has no material wealth to lose through a revolutionary change, much valuable and interesting material is supplied by the researches of those who are interested only in a modification of the existing system and its further perfection.

I have before me such a work, *Population Problems* by Edward B. Reuter Ph. D. of the University of Ohio. Here we have an excellent treatise containing valuable statistical data and a discussion of various population theories, race mixtures, biological differences in races and individuals, and many other questions of human and scientific interest.

However, after having carefully read the book I cannot but feel that the most vital part of the question has received inadequate treatment at the hands of the author. There can be no objection to a thorough handling of the subject of the biologically inferior individuals and the manner in which these may be eliminated. But a real consideration of the subject requires first of all recognition of the fact that the important factor in determining the character of the population is not biological but social and that effective improvement of the individual units composing it is to be made only by sweeping economic changes that will result in the recasting of the social structure.

The author does not entirely neglect this matter. He brings in the Jukes and the Kallicaks for inspection and gives them rather better treatment than they usually receive at the hands of sociologists, admitting that the unfavorable environment in which the young of the tribe were reared probably had more to do with their delinquencies in later life than any inherent mental or moral defect.

But curiously enough he places all the stress on the necessity of eliminating the congenitally defective and regrets that the government has not adopted a more sensible policy in the selection of immigrants. He thinks that this nation needs a definite conception of the type of society desired. Obviously such a national conception is quite impossible. There is no possibility of compromise between the ideal of the class that profits by the present social arrangements and the class that suffers because of it. The workers' conception of a desirable social order would scarcely meet with approval from the employing class and the prevailing discontent among the workers sufficiently attests that the system the ruling class has succeeded in imposing on humanity is by no means satisfactory.

In fact it is no longer possible to properly consider the problems of population from a nationalistic point of view. From year to year economic pressure is being applied more uniformly on all the peoples of the earth, national and even racial inequalities and differences are gradually but surely being ironed out. The time is not far distant when the human units composing society will be distinguishable from one another only by a difference in complexion. Immigration restrictions can only retard this tendency to a very limited extent. If American capital cannot import Coolie labor to compete with American workers here there is no insuperable barrier to the growth of modern industry in China, and like economic conditions will inevitably produce similar social conditions modified only in unimportant details by tradition and racial differences. Ultimately the effect of the Chinese worker employed in a factory in China is as great on the American worker similarly employed as it would be if they were working side by side under the same roof. The standard of living of the one is effected by that of the other and all the conditions affecting the quantity and quality of the population tend to become the same.

China is an extreme case, but take any number of countries already far advanced in industrial development—Japan, practically all the European countries, and the United States—in all of these we find conditions are rapidly approaching uniformity and all of them have the same population problems. The trend is decidedly toward homogeneity.

The author states that attempts to make improvements in the quality of the population by considering only the social and not the biological side of the problem have not met with success and he mentions as proof that various Utopian schemes

have uniformly failed. This contention can by no means be admitted to be correct nor can the proof be accepted as valid. The fact is that all social progress has resulted from the improvement of environment made possible by the easing of economic pressure. To be sure the Utopian schemes have contributed nothing to this work but the conscious efforts of the suppressed classes have. In our own day we have the organized labor movement acting with a considerable degree of effectiveness in developing a better type of population, not because union men and women are biologically superior to the unorganized but because they have been able to establish for themselves a more satisfactory environment.

It is well for us to know which human defects are inherited and which are the result of unfavorable environment, but if we are able to eliminate the latter the others will not constitute much of a problem, especially as it is known that the race is gradually becoming immune to many of them.

In matters that do not touch too closely on economics the book is good and well worth reading. The phenomenon of the falling birth rate, marriage and sex relationship are fairly discussed. Malthus' theory with its mixture of obvious fact and puritan dogma is very properly discarded as a historical exhibit, interesting but not useful.

—CARL KELLER.

POPULATION PROBLEMS, by Edward H. Reuter. Published by J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. Price, \$2.

The editor regrets that in the review of IDO last month, the statement of name of author and publishing house was inadvertently omitted.

IDO (Problem of an International Auxiliary Language), by Luther H. Dyer, Pitman & Sons, London. Distributed by International Key Bureau, Box 537, Sta. C, Los Angeles, Cal.

Next month we promise you an extra good Pioneer. The cover design is a powerful drawing by Lynch. "The Coming Revolution in the Printing Industry," by a Civil Engineer is an article that shows the effect of new machinery—very interesting to many not in the printing industry. "Working Too Hard" is a scream—a burlesque of a good slave in action. Edward Lloyd is right there with a half humorous, half serious (very serious) article entitled "Stone Cross and Double Cross." These we have already. Who knows what more good things will come in before printing time? Spread the Good News. Get your friends to subscribe.—Editor.

Warning!

California!

The world is watching you;
Look to it what you do.
It is such deeds as these
Have shattered tyrannies.
Turn, turn the dungeon keys
And free the seventy-two,
The dauntless brave, the few
Who dared to beard the crew
That robbed and lynched and slew;
And free the twenty-two
In Folsom gagged and bound
Because they dared to sound
The tocsin far and wide
Of liberty denied;
Fling open every cell
And from each living hell
Let labor captives come;
Give Mooney to his wife
And Billings back to life;
Lead Ford from out the shadow of
the tomb.

California!

The world is watching you;
Look to it what you do.
Bind not those slender hands
With your iron bands.
Immure not in a cell
One who loved too well
The outcast and the poor
That starved within your door;
One who with vision clear
Saw hunger, vice, despair
Blot out the landscape fair;
Saw Labor crucified
And "rights of man" denied
By vested wealth and pride.

California!

Again the bastile reels,
Again the creaking wheels
Go by, and tyrants feel
The kiss of flashing steel. . . .
The world is watching you;
Look to it what you do.

—HENRY GEORGE WEISS.

They Rot Before They Die

(Continued from Page 14)

ance is too expensive. A real worker who does become "hooked up" has to cease to be a worker and either turn stool-pigeon or turn crook (usually both) in order to get the five to ten dollars a day required for a well-developed habit.

Not all that the preachers and the moralists lump together as signs of decadence, are really such, when divorced of the attitude which surrounds them, when the motives that impel human beings towards them are considered, and when an eye is had to the effects. Bernard Shaw, in one of his later plays, "Heartbreak House," lays down a principle that is probably true. He says that as long as the captain of a ship can manage his ship, what he drinks is of little concern, socially. But when the ship is drifting at the mercy of storm and waves, with the captain helpless in his cabin bunk, that captain is worthless, even if he has had nothing stronger to drink than weak tea. Lincoln said something like this, when various politicians tried to get General Grant demoted on the grounds that he drank whiskey; Lincoln told them, so the story goes, to find out what brand Grant used, and he would send some to the other Union generals, and maybe they could occasionally win a battle too. We have seen that under certain circumstances a winning, revolutionary class is possessed of a superabundance of vigor and "pep" and will "step out" all the time, will roister and "jazz" its way to victory, even while the losing class is doing much the same thing from opposite motives and with an opposite result, is making itself sodden to drown its sorrows, and is fleeing from an unequal battle to the compensations of wine, women and song. It is partly a question of motives, and partly a question of whether we have sufficient control to still fight while we have our fun, whether what is unquestionably mere degeneration on the part of the ruling class is degeneration for the workers too.* The workers are still able to function; the capitalists are becoming increasingly unable to conduct affairs (witness Europe).

The bourgeoisie indulge in ruinous dissipation for the same reason they become mystics, or take gas, namely, hopelessness and boredom. The working class is only bored in so far as it is not class conscious. When a worker becomes a radical, he invariably ceases to be a booze-fighter, or at least he ceases to be a slave to drunkenness. The responsible union official who gets drunk at inopportune moments, or gambles very much, will have short shrift among revolutionists, at least.

Then there is another aspect to this thing. Not all that the preachers and the moralists lump together as signs of decadence are really such when

divorced of the conventional, ruling class attitude towards them. What Rev. Smith calls (after Roosevelt) "race suicide" has no terrors to the proletariat. We know that the world would be a better place to live in with fewer people in it. A superabundant population of workers is convenient for the capitalists, anxious to break down strikes with a great army of the unemployed, and useful to militarists, who need material for their armies. But for the worker, a scarcity of mouths to feed is better. There is no danger that the world will be depopulated. The danger is quite otherwise. Every sociologist of any reputation is worried about the possibility of a food famine from overpopulation.*

Furthermore, it is undoubtedly true that the family, both among proletarians and bourgeoisie, is less stable than it was even ten years ago. It is undoubtedly true that sexual promiscuity, or perhaps, if that is too strong a word, varietism, is on the increase. To yield to such tendencies as this is a serious collapse of morale, if you are a member of the bourgeoisie, because the Christian family is one of the mainstays of the bourgeois social order. The monogamous, or pseudo-monogamous, family, with the man the head of the family, is one of those conservative forces which are at the same time stabilizers of property relations (inheritance, etc.) and also centers of conservative propaganda, points of support for a class on the defensive. The family and private property have been connected all through the history of civilization.

But it by no means follows that in a condition of wage slavery, or of the cooperative commonwealth either, a rigid monogamy will be desirable. Here we can well afford to let nature take its course, feeling sure that if we can abolish such things as poverty, discrimination on the industrial field against women, and various abnormal factors—monotony, ignorance, enforced celibacy, organized prudery, for example, everything will turn out well enough.**

At present people's lives are too nervous, even proletarians' lives are too nervous, and this nervousness reflects itself in a tendency to change mates faster than they would otherwise, but it is doubtful if mere promiscuity itself does any particular harm; the great harm is done by the original nervousness, irritation, worry, etc., of which the ultra-promiscuity is only a symptom. It is also extremely doubtful whether futuristic art, jazz music and jazz dancing are particularly injurious to the proletariat, though they are disturbing factors in a conservative society,

*NOTE.—For a good modern survey of this problem, see Edward M. East, *MANKIND AT THE CROSSROADS*.

** NOTE.—Of course the actual process by which the home of the proletarian is being broken up today is a capitalistic one, and a very painful and sordid one: women and child exploitation, unemployment of men because of competition with women and machinery, under pay, inability to support, etc. Nothing good can be said about it.

*NOTE.—No one is defending alcohol and drugs as fit articles for human consumption. Anybody would be better off without them. I merely argue that they have not yet reduced the working class to helplessness.

and conservative spokesmen do well from their point of view to oppose them.

Jazz, in all of its manifestations, is an indication of the nervous tension of modern society—it is a product of rushing, noisy, worried life, and in a saner social system, would lose most of its savor. Just what would be accomplished, from a proletarian point of view, by an attempt to suppress the symptoms, which are relatively harmless, while permitting the cause, namely, the insecurity, the worry, the fretting, which makes such things as jazz palatable, and perhaps necessary, to the modern proletarian, I cannot see.

Of course we may find, as the fight develops, that like other revolutionary classes, we have to become puritans merely because we dare not spare time and energy for anything else than the class war. In that case, our morality will resemble that of the Ironsides, who followed Cromwell's advice, to "put some conscience into their fighting," far more than that of St. Augustin and Simeon Stylites. It will certainly not even be as religious as that of the English Puritans, for the utilitarian aspect of it will be plain for all to see and not hidden beneath Biblical phraseology, as was theirs.

At present there is no apparent need of anything of this sort; we can well let things run along as they are ;merely preventing the dissipation of the workers' money during strikes, demanding efficiency of our union officials, and letting everybody go to what dances, establish whatever domestic relations, and admire whatever forms of art or alleged art they may care to look upon. (Anyway it is a fact that good music, painting and drama have more sincere admirers among the poor than the rich.)

On the other hand, a sensible bourgeois must fight such tendencies, for they break down the cultural superiority of the rich, and the feeling of dignity and reserve strength. All change is dangerous to a ruling class. A sensible bourgeois must battle for his grand opera, even though he doesn't understand it a bit, must insist on preserving the pictures of the old masters, though he cannot appreciate them, must especially fill his houses with "period" furniture, though it is useless to him, and makes him uncomfortable. It is curious how the bourgeois of America pathetically clings to such trivialities as old furniture. It is something like Henry Ford's ludicrous attempt to revive what, for him, means oldness, stability, wholesomeness and happiness, namely the square dances of his youth. Just so do the fashionable hotels and the mansions of the *nouveaux riches* advertise, in one way or another, their "Louis XV," "Georgian," etc., rooms. The thing creeps into even pleasure resort literature. For instance, we quote a few paragraphs from the advertising circular of "The Breakers," a huge, twelve story Atlantic City paradise for the upper middle class—small town merchants in the city, and the like:

"From the Boardwalk level, we walk into the concourse; its high-vaulted marble ceiling and walls

give a coolness that even on the warmest mid-summer day afford a respite from the hot sun. On either side runs a wide-stepped marble staircase, one leading into the lobby and the other takes us to the **Louis XVI Restaurant**. Three high-speed elevators whisk us to the floors above.

"Even as we enter the doors, friendly hands are ready to serve, and yet with no show of obtrusiveness. The sheer comfort of the hotel, and unlooked-for little services, the charming environment are noted immediately. No matter where we go, little luxuries spring up, pleasant, friendly, comforting luxuries that one doesn't expect but is mighty glad to meet with.

"The Louis XVI Restaurant is a revelation. Here one may sit at tables looking right on the ocean, and on those days when the temperature is moderate, swing wide the great French windows and dine out-doors. Imagine a cuisine so savory as to satiate the epicure, imagine an orchestra strumming a suite of Grieg, a Beethoven Symphony or a raggy Irving Berlin fox-trot; imagine a steak, thick and juicy, garnished with new-picked mushrooms and grilled to that nicety that shows just a tinge of carmine when you cut it; imagine a service of silver and of linen so immaculate that it fairly glistens; fresh cut flowers on the table, and you have a faint picture of dining here. . . .

"Tonight we will dine 'atop The Breakers in the **Egyptian Restaurant**. The dreamy atmosphere of the Pharaohs is carried out in its arrangement, and one feels as if here has been transplanted the Sphinx and the Pyramids of the Nile. On four sides the windows open wide on balconies where we may stroll and view the seven long miles of Boardwalk. It is situated one hundred and sixty-five feet 'atop the hotel landing, quiet from the gaiety below. One thousand may dine here at one time. . . ."

You will see here the strong appeal made to oldness, exclusiveness, "good taste," formality—even in a building dedicated to pleasure. Also how jazz creeps in here too, just as Irving Berlin, the jazzing Jew, himself has slipped into a most conservative, Roman-Catholic, millionaire family.

The old men of the class that cannot keep its youth from carrying hip flasks, seizes a bit of flotsam from old times, and makes a virtue of that. This, I think, is one of the most perfect, and vivid, confessions of the senility of the bourgeoisie, of its decadence, its failure to separate form from content. The bourgeoisie is perishing, its civilization is collapsing, nothing is sound any more but the proletariat; capitalism cannot even properly diagnose its own disease, because of the prevailing pessimism that poisons it to the core, makes some of its members skeptical of all serious thought, and fills others with a dreary and useless joy, based on chemicals or the hypnotic sounds of saxaphones. Capitalism is dying, and like all previous ruling class systems, it is rotting before it dies. The stench is something awful, but I guess we will have to stand it, for it is our fate to bury the corpse.

WOBBLIES

A wobble: By the way, the wobbles in our papers have a true office to perform—that of bringing the sublime and the ridiculous into a compromising proximity. . . .

True humor, after all, is the carefree manhandling of extremes—to extremes extreme sorrow. To illustrate:

A STEEL MAGNATE CRYING IS A PATHETIC FIGURE.

Not always!

A steel magnate crying and (at the same time) eating a pig's foot—is rather a pleasing spectacle.

That's what I mean by sublime and ridiculous. . . .

—T.B.S.

THEY'RE ALWAYS THAT WAY

A much inebriated man slumped down into a seat in the lobby of the Robidoux Hotel, St. Joe, Mo., landing beside a clergyman.

"Fine (hic) day," he began.

"Yes, it is," from the clergyman.

"Thish's a fine hotel."

"Yes, I find it very comfortable."

"Won'tsh have a drink?" asked the man, encouraged by the courteous replies.

The clergyman's face hardened. "No, thank you, I do not indulge."

"Shay, whatcha givin' me? You gotcha collar on backwards now."

THE CELESTIAL BOARD OF DIRECTORS

An educated Chinaman, visiting in the Occident heard with interest a lengthy discussion on the Christian Trinity. His host asked him what he thought of God, now that he had listened to the opinions of those present.

"Isn't it just like a bunch of Englishmen," countered the Chinaman, "to make him a committee?"

"Why aren't you working? Did you go on strike?"

"No, not me! I got laid off, if you please."

"Then the boss played with you and struck you out!"

First Harvest Hand: "What became of that auto tramp the boss hired yesterday?"

Second Ditto: "Didn't you hear? He got so used to a flivver that when the mules stopped he crawled under them to see why they wouldn't go."



Industrial Rubiyat

(With Profuse Apologies to Dear Old Omar)

Ah Love, though you and I could with fate conspire,
To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire.
Could we shatter it to bits, and then
Remold it, nearer to the heart's desire?

I doubt—not only doubt, but fear,
Our desire to shatetr would come to naught, my
dear.

Our puny efforts, the feeble strength of two
Is naught, but a wish, as might is needed here.

Ah Love, you and I can but regret,
That our power is but the dream of few as yet.
Our Power, lying dormant within the workers of
this earth,
Awaiting, as unknown to them, the hour to strike
is set.

—By H. J. Holmes.

The minister had come to Sunday dinner, which necessitated the killing of a chicken on short notice. After dinner a brood of motherless chicks kept coming up on the porch cheeping plaintively. Time and again little Jim drove them away.

Finally, exasperated, he exclaimed: "You needn't come around me cheeping. There sets the man that et your maw."

THE INDUSTRIAL WORKER, wobbly organ of the imminent revolution of the proletariat, has for its columnist one **T-Bone Slim**, a gentleman I strongly suspect of originating many of the newer wobbly words and phrases. In a recent number he wrote:

"A working stiff often gets it into what he thinks is his head that by merely saving what money he can spare from his \$3.50 per day, and investing it in **Just Some Good, Safe Stocks**, he will some day surely become a **Ford** or a **Rockefeller**. Such a working stiff, gentlemen, should be treated at once. He is suffering from the first stages of **hydro-forbesia**."

A great Hearst publicist comes in for much razzing at the hand of Slim, and **brisbanalities** is now official in the wobbly thesaurus.—Stewart H. Holbrook, in **The American Mercury**.

T-BONE SLIM

Has An Article Every Week In

SOLIDARITY

There is a lot more in Industrial Solidarity and Industrial Worker than T-Bone Slim's column. These two papers are the I. W. W. weekly publications, packed full of news about the labor movement; and about the workers' correct form of organization.

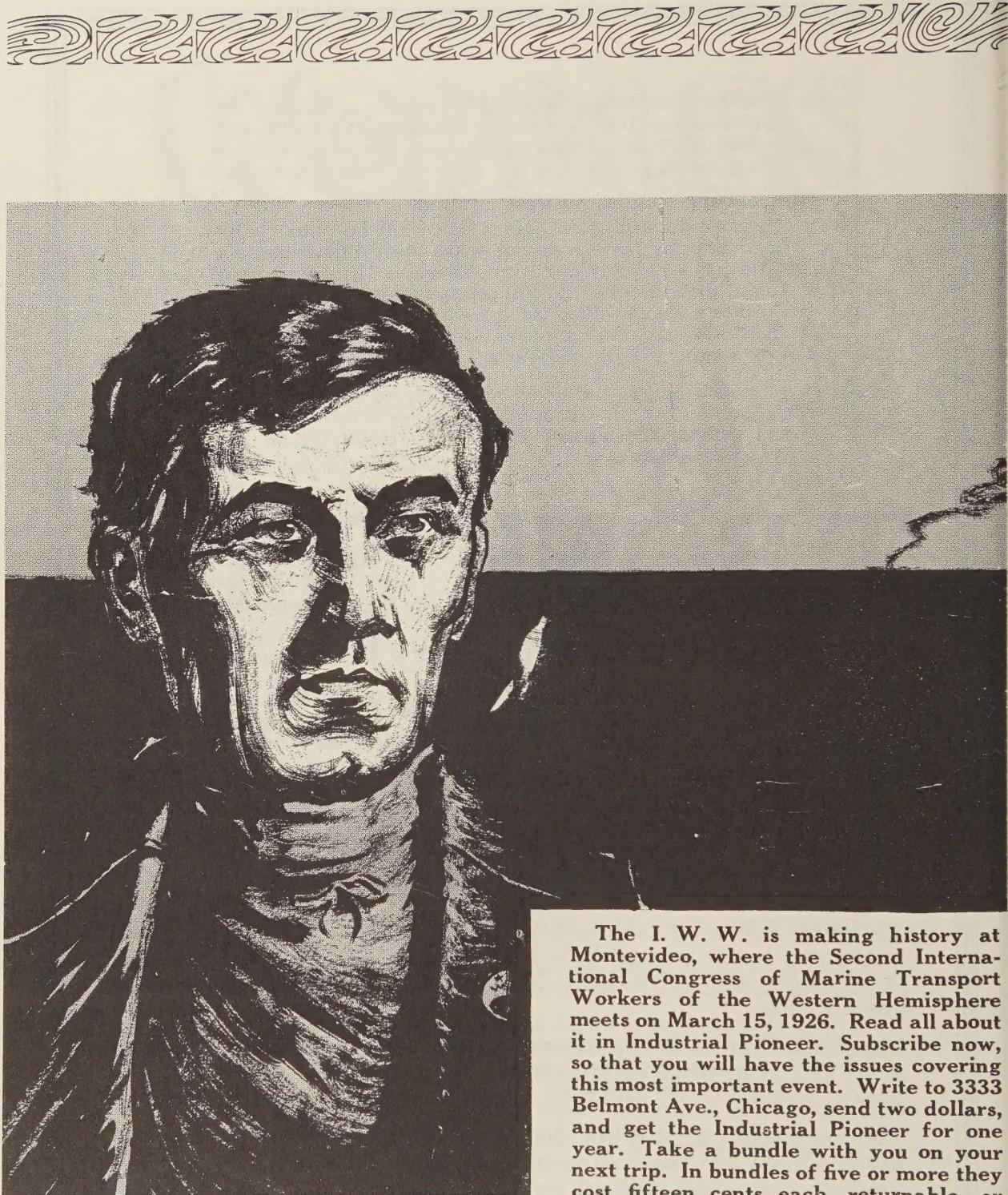
Industrial Solidarity is the official organ of the I. W. W., published at General Headquarters, 3333 Belmont Ave., Chicago. Sells for \$2 a year; single copies five cents; bundle orders of five or more, three cents a copy.

Industrial Worker is the newspaper of the Northwest Branches of the I. W. W., same price as Industrial Solidarity, published at Seattle, Wash., Address P. O. Box 1857.

You are missing a lot if you don't get each of these papers. You can't say you know the labor movement of America unless you read the journals of its most militant section. Written by workers, and written for workers.

Write for sample of Solidarity to

3333 Belmont Avenue, Chicago, Illinois



The I. W. W. is making history at Montevideo, where the Second International Congress of Marine Transport Workers of the Western Hemisphere meets on March 15, 1926. Read all about it in Industrial Pioneer. Subscribe now, so that you will have the issues covering this most important event. Write to 3333 Belmont Ave., Chicago, send two dollars, and get the Industrial Pioneer for one year. Take a bundle with you on your next trip. In bundles of five or more they cost fifteen cents each, returnable, or twelve cents, non-returnable.